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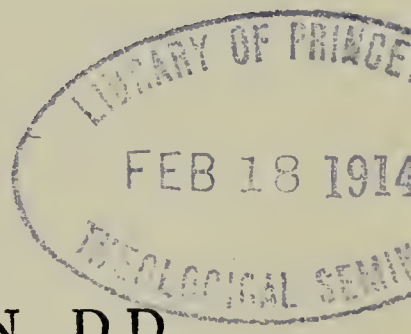

BY

EDWARD WHITE BENSON, D.D.

Sometime Archbishop of Canterbury

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BOOK I.

LIVING THEOLOGY.

LIVING THEOLOGY.

Wells Cathedral, June 6, 1878, *at the Triennial Festival of the Theological College.*

"That ye . . . . may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—EPH. iii. 18, 19.

ANY reader accustomed to think while he reads, would at once say that if "length and breadth and depth and height" were nothing more than a long way of expression, merely equivalent to "greatness," we had here a mode very unlike S. Paul's. There would be a hungry grandiloquence, if that were the only meaning, strange to his weighty and powerful letters.

Again, those who recommend us to look on the phrase as "only meaning greatness" are at fault and at variance, in discovering what the object is of which the dimensions are thus stated. The apostle utters the most fervent of prayers that his converts "may have full strength[1] to grasp for themselves what is the length and breadth and depth and height, and to recognise the recognition-surpassing love of the Christ." It cannot be the love of Christ which they are thus in length, breadth, height, and depth to comprehend; for there is a different and more appropriate verb[2] expressing their insight into Christ's love; an insight real so far as it reaches, though inadequate to the ever-

[1] ἐξισχύσητε καταλαβέσθαι. [2] γνῶναι.

growing beauty and tenderness and fulness which they find in that love. And it is just this balance of deep, meaningful clauses which above all forbids our attributing to our great author an irreverent verbiage. He is telling how he prays; his prayer at this point becomes twofold and parallel; he prays that they may have a great access of spiritual strength, and that that spiritual strength may be spent upon—

1. Grasping the length and breadth and depth and height;

2. Gaining insight into Christ's love.

It seems evident then (whatever be the interpretation of each word) that S. Paul here contemplated depth, height, and the rest, as substantive realities someway imaged in these abstract terms: something which he could really in no other way express: something surely awe-inspiring, when the only image which can render them is beyond imaging—Height—Depth; and when that which is put side by side with it, as the only greater object of knowledge, is Christ's own vast love eternal.

That this is really his true meaning, we may gather still more from marking that elsewhere the apostle speaks of such Height and Depth as *creatures* of God—as energizing ideas in His creation; as things so appalling as to threaten a possibility of their being able to detach us from that same love; yet as being so completely under God's control, that for this reason, though for this reason only, we need not fear them. Mark with whom and with what he ranks the power of what he calls Height and Depth: "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, *nor height*, *nor depth*, nor any other creature, shall be able to *separate* us from the *love* of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

How could depth, how could height *separate*, or be conceived of as likely to separate, us from the love of Christ? So that he has had to persuade himself they will not? Thus. If there is a depth which each human spirit will, in the course of its history, be obliged to descend into; a deep in its own existence, into which it will be recalled, away from all the development, all the evolution which has characterized its progress hitherto; a deep in which, all motion ceasing, all alone, it may see what itself *is;* after having first with new eyes of judgment recognised what it has made of itself, and what it has done with its earthly time and probation and experiences, and what of falsehood or of truth it has burnt into its own substance: then, in so deep a deep, in the first break and dash of the sea of eternity upon the soul, awe and terror may well invest it lest it should be lost to God in that deep, and parted from Him: then S. Paul may well pray for us that even here we may grasp for ourselves *what* that depth is, and know for ourselves that love which will be with us even there.

Again, what we here can know or conceive of the *heights* of God may be to us like an infinite mountain-peak, eternally ascending above the highest-winged flight of created holiness and power—so that angel and archangel to Him are but like eagle or bright-winged insect which behold the snowy heights, still fixedly soaring, where their pinions and their very atmosphere fail. And yet if such a parable must be dwarfed into nothingness when once our parted spirits have caught one glimpse of God as He is; then, again, S. Paul may well pray that even here we may be able to grasp something for ourselves of what that height of God is, lest we should ever exclaim—"He is beyond my utmost conception; and so I never can know Him, never can love

what is so separate from me. He is to me unknowable, unthinkable. He is to me as if He were not." Lest Height should thus separate our souls from Him, He makes us know that His high Eternity is summed up, and shortly rendered in His Love; and that love, though it be only ours, has a right to *know* love, though it be God's; a right to appropriate it, a right to dwell in Him, and in Him to advance for ever.

But if we are right in thus apprehending the meaning of the apostle as to the awful experiences which lie before all, even the saints of God, we ought also perhaps to expect to read in him expressly that our Saviour, the sharer of all our experiences, had Himself entered that almost abysmal deep of the existence of human souls, and made Himself felt even there; just as the entrance of His Humanity upon the height of heights is our hourly comfort in the thought of His intercession at God's right hand. And we *do* thus read what we should expect to read—"Now that He ascended, what is it but that He also descended into the lower parts of the earth? He that descended is Himself also He that ascended far above all the heavens that He may fill the All." Freed, as *we* shall be freed, from the limiting of the body, subject only to the limiting of the created spirit, He passed into that great deep—there too still to minister to the spirits of individual men.

Another apostle tells us not only of His proclamation to the spirits of the earliest race of man, with whom the whole race so nearly passed away; he tells us, too, how there was a Gospel preached to the dead, in order that, though the flesh had died under judgment, a divine life might be continued in the spirit. And, surely, if the preaching of the Gospel by Himself on earth has left here

still permanent effect—must we think He left no Gospel behind Him there? The preaching of our Gospel by our Lord was infinitesimal in its effect during His own Presence, as compared with its effect ever-enduring, ever-growing since. Must we think that from that deep, where spirits surely unlearn many a bias, many a self-wrought blindness, many a heedless error by simply being turned back and down in their own innermost centre, He took away again, after three days, all the Heavenly Light which the vision of Him bore thither?

We may not linger, straining baffled eyes to shores which no space measures, and where no time pulses. It is enough. We know that one day will cease to be a day with us; and that then we shall be there, and find that a crucified Christ has been there before us.

We must now return to where we tread, not perhaps more safely, but at least more familiarly. "The length and breadth," which S. Paul prays that we may comprehend, is nearer home. It is the familiar expression for that which spreads all about us. The region of extension in which takes place all the motion that we can follow or make—the region of motion and space, and time, and history: the region of humanity between birth and death, of all nature that comes within our observation.

This also we must give ourselves to comprehend, and in it also we must daily enlighten our understandings with that love of Christ which is to stand us in stead for ever. If we know not what really goes on upon earth, if here we mistake shadows for realities, what can we expect to know of heavenly things, or how escape fancying their realities to be shadows? How significant in this connection is S. Paul's earnest request to Timothy, that he would direct his saving

ministry with some specialness to the help of those who are "wealthy in the present world:" using an expression whose very intensity had caused it to disappear before a more ordinary substitute in our Bibles; "that they may lay hold upon the-really-life"[1]—close their fingers firm round that *which is really life:* not vaguely nor feebly catch at a colourable spectre of life.

How significant in itself! Yet out of many phantasmal likenesses of life, that raised by property or "ownership," as we vainly call it, is only one. Upon this vast world's stage, this "length and breadth," as S. Paul calls it, countless combinations of infinite possibilities of circumstance have been grouped already, each of them the experience of a man; and there remain infinite more combinations to be acted out, each to be a man's experience too, and every such life has had its shadow which seemed a reality, and every true messenger from God has had this for his charge, coming to him as Timothy's comes from Paul in the very climax of his commission—"Charge them—charge them, to lay hold on the-really-life."

Dear friends, what is before us? what is around us? O blessed life of those who, from early manhood to old age, vow themselves and give themselves body and soul so to help Christians and others that they may have S. Paul's prayer fulfilled in them!—to help man and woman to comprehend, as all the saints do, what is the breadth, length, depth, and height of our fields of action, of our lonely spirits, and of the Majesty of God. No man is sufficient for those things, and yet every man is sufficient; for our sufficiency is of God, and He asks but absolute sincerity and integrity in answer to His call, and then *He* will *enable* us

[1] τῆς ὄντως ζωῆς.

for the ministry into which He puts us, making His strength perfect in our weakness.

Do I mean that He is satisfied with a weakness which is satisfied with itself? Do I mean that He makes sufficient for His work any poor creature who, through circumstances, or easiness, or ambition, covets the apostleship? No more than He enabled Simon the Magian. But what I say is, let us really through self-knowledge attain to simple self-surrender, then to a fixed devotion to learn all that He can teach us through men, through books, through experience, and carry through all a plain-hearted humility, unconscious of self: and then God may and must teach anything through us.

For, indeed, He requires us to know and to think as well as to love. He requires fuel for the fire of love to feed on. "Know ye not this parable, and how then *will ye know all the parables?*" says Christ,—as if it must be self-evident, that to know all possible parables would be the obvious necessity for *His* disciples and *others'* teachers. And so that world-famous Mr. Interpreter, who gives Christian his early lessons about Passion, about Patience, about Despair, shows him first and foremost the "brave picture," of "the only man whom the Lord of the place whither thou art going hath authorised to be thy guide in all difficult places." And "this was the fashion of it—a very grave person, eyes lifted up, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth written upon his lips, the world behind his back; he stood as if he pleaded with men."

So ever must it be—The world left intelligently; The-really-life contemplated; *The* book mastered; grave thought; frank lips—so must we plead with men.

And never more than now. "How will ye know *all the*

parables?" Century by century, yes, decade by decade, there come out new parables and riddles, bearing each its answer in its own bosom, to those that can take and read it. What a grand answer did *they* find in their own time to the riddles of their time, who thought, and imagined, and laboured, till this glorious house was ended: Home *then* of conceptions, of organizations, of industries, of theories, and of practices, which did their work and passed, leaving us ashamed that we can so little measure them; leaving many men not ill-pleased, alas, that they can exclaim, "That they became corrupt," as if we were not ourselves on our way to corruption the very moment we begin to stagnate: as if indifference to noble calls, and inability to call nobly to other men, were not a worse corruption in itself than a condition which produced mightiest fruits of thought and work, even whilst great evils were gathering thick upon it.

From the mighty memorials of the human past (though that which remains be but the shell of that which has been), from the thought of the majestic movement of which we are yet a living part on the length and breadth of the world —from the thought of that awful deep of spiritual insight and discipline into which we are one day to plunge, where Christ Himself descended—from the thought of the eternity of God in which we are ever to rise, never forsaken by God's love, any more than our fathers were, who have told us of the noble works He wrought in their days and in the old time before them—let us try to make THREE things at any rate our own: *Our life must think. Our thought must live. Our life and thought must be at one.*

Our life must think. Be the traditions we have received ever so good, we must go beyond them. They will not

suffice. To go on living and working ever so zealously, in the exact patterns we have received, will avail nothing. We must *think* what new difficulties and what new lights have arisen. We must overcome what our fathers could know nothing of, and not reject helps of which they were ignorant; and we must know that through this thinking labour the hopeless ideals of one generation may become the practical machines of the next.

It is an obvious enough fact that the social changes which are everywhere massing men into square miles of neat houses, and leagues of mean houses, and leaving once populous country parishes disintegrated hamlets, tenanted by a residuum of people less able, less capable, less spirited than those that are gone away, must make ministrations to each not only more difficult, but extremely different in all their conditions and relations. But how natural, almost dutiful it seems, when we have received one fair and sacred order from the past to consider little but how to force the *same* organizations without development, without accretions, without any organic self-supplementing, round and round entirely altered or fast altering curves. Yet that is how machines get broken. Is it not?

It is easier to work detail than principle—letter than spirit. And the priest who is really called upon to multiply himself by saving himself; to discover how he can distribute work; how he can at once elevate and employ the ablest spirits and minds about him in caring for the humbler and less active and cultured, too often fears and shrinks from those more inquiring men who should be his chief charge and main workers. It is in fact easier to starve ourselves, and work and wear ourselves to the bone, than it is to devise, to combine, to persuade, to introduce the least new

thing to new people. And, meanwhile, do not Burnley and Blackburn teach us this—that there is some power at work not only to deChristianize but to decivilise our peoples; that it has prevailed to turn self-reliance into deafness and blindness; that they, whom we thought the keen-sighted artisans, are suddenly seen to be "vacant of our glorious gains": that they are found utterly to have unlearnt some principles which we always supposed to be assumed into their very systems. Have we not looked on our manufacturing prosperity, and "thought ourselves wise; and have we not become fools"? But, dear fathers and brothers, the forgotten principles are those which the Church is supposed to teach. And their forgetting shows that in teaching we have not attained the most important thing of all, the immediate application. More than ever our life must think. There are new studies of which we cannot Christianly be ignorant; new organizings which we must conceive and adopt.

Our thought must live. Knowledge and thought may cloister themselves, and be very happy and very wise, and radiate a holy influence. That will not do for us any more. Thought must pass into life: be born into an actual active world. And it must do this, as all material becomes living material by passing through an already living organism. We must work, not in fancy schemes, either old or new, but by carrying thought into the recent work and the life of the Church as it is now. We must humbly and patiently learn what the Church is as it is; what her parishes are as they are; what, and how extensive, and how operative her methods of instruction, of benevolence, of co-operation, even of worship are, as they are; and how they became what they are; and we must be prepared to

enlarge and enrich every one of all these as circumstances demand—not to sacrifice them, not to substitute; but to keep and to expand. Before we can do this we must appreciate the old. We must appreciate what is always somehow less interesting—the recent. But when we appreciate most we shall not rest in it, but learn with precision exactly where and how to extend or to adapt—ever to say to it "Grow on, grow on." Invention has never been perfectly fresh discovery. True invention is sagacious improvement.

Then, lastly—*Thought and life must be one.* This follows from the two last maxims. You and we, students and clergy, are tempted terribly, first to disunion of life and reading, and then of life and writing. How dreadful to read sublimities and to live vulgarities. How fatal to teach holiness and to live selfishness. There is no lowness so low as what I have somewhere seen called "the vulgarity of the sacristan"—the coldblooded familiarity with shrines and altars.

O how serious a thought is "Theological College." Theological. S. John is the true type of what the ancient Church recognised as the Theologus. Christianity is called the Passion of Humanity. Without denying that, we include it in a higher term. It is the *Vera Passio Dei*. There is nothing else but a Love like S. John's which will perfectly blend Thought and Life together. To comprehend the length, and breadth, and depth, and height, might stand alone. It would be appalling wickedness if it did. To know the love of God, which passeth all knowledge, is the only power which can sweeten and save even the knowledge of mysteries.

We should, indeed, hate to hear the place that is so

dear to so many of us called a "Clerical College." But how difficult it is always not to sink to the lower thing, while we cherish the higher name. When we consider how great names are accommodated by degrees to lower and less exacting ideas; how "Cathedral" itself little conveys the notion of authoritative teaching; how little a *capitulum* retains of the thought of church deliberations; how "Minster" no more means a Church of Ascetics; how sadly the word *clerical* has lost its sense of "God's portion"; let us try, teachers and taught alike, to preserve this title—comparatively new in the Church—"Theological College," from all risk of lowered associations. How happily you are circumstanced for this, not only in the thrice venerable associations of this place, but still more in the living, visible love of old alumni, themselves revered in the land, themselves working in foremost ranks of work, and themselves clinging to the fresh memories of saints who have not so long since gone to the Lord. Most readily for you may that unity of thought, and love, and life, which alone is worth calling Theology, be set always before us, the *Vera Scientia*, *Vera Passio Dei.*

As the noblest woman of the Revolution was led to the scaffold, she, poor soul, filled with the passion of humanity, though only nurtured on the hungry Gospel of Nature, as Nature was then conceived, asked for and was refused pen and paper, "that she might write down the strange thoughts that were rising in her."[1] Faithful ever to her light and holy therein, she was meeting, half way, the strange revelations of the great deep. She could not articulate them. Yet who will not believe that she was on her way to know Him whom the world of her age had partly veiled from

[1] Carlyle, "French Revolution," book v. chap. ii.

her? What student will not thank Him that such "strange thoughts" from Him arise in himself daily? What clergyman will not thank Him who sets him to make "strange thoughts" familiar to all before their last hour strikes.

"Students," (does not that mean "Zealots"?) Students of Theology, that is, "of the love-knowledge of God,"—how differently do the needs of humanity speak to us now from the way in which they *could* speak a century ago to those who felt the passion of humanity. Through church life, through church works, through church voices, through church order and church ardours, ever freshly dawning and burning, God Himself calls us to minister to those needs. Let us see to it that we (I will not say) refuse not Him that speaketh—but let us not follow Him by halves. In breadth and length and depth and height let us trust Him.

You know the hymn which S. Patrick made and sang as he stepped on to his great work of converting and organizing. It is a mighty rendering of all we would fain try to say to you to-day.

The first strophe is the secret of our confidence, and the sum of our knowledge. It is the Christian's passion for his God.

"Christ with me. Christ before me. Christ behind me. Christ in me.
Christ below me. Christ above me.
Christ at my right. Christ at my left.
Christ in breadth. Christ in length. Christ in height."

And the second strophe is the firm utterance of charities, which I fear we all have not learnt—yet must somehow learn, and understand that without it our work for man would be hopeless. S. Patrick sang it to a horde of heathen men. It is the Christian's Passion for Man.

"Christ in the heart of every one who thinks of me.
Christ in the mouth of every one who speaks to me.
Christ in every eye that sees me.
Christ in every ear that hears me."

Only believe these things. Really believe in them, and then your life will think—your thought will live—and life and thought will be at one.

THE SPIRIT OF ENQUIRY.

THE SPIRIT OF ENQUIRY.

St. Mary's, Southampton, August 27, 1882, *to the British Association.*

"These were more noble . . . in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, examining the Scriptures daily whether these things were so."—ACTS xvii. 11.

THE nobility of mind here praised plainly does not consist in the choice of the subject examined—(although that subject is the Scriptures)—but in the open-mindedness, and in the earnest toilsomeness of the *examining*. "More *noble*" in that they listened to new views "with *all readiness of mind*," and "*examined daily*" into their consistency with facts.

When the antient magistracy, the clergy, all the churches, all the citizens of a great centre of our imperial activity welcome with all their honours this progressive Association and its President, they are setting their seal to the necessity and the nobleness of the Spirit of Enquiry.

St. John in a vision once saw seven burning lamps, shedding a radiating, ever-renewed light on God's own throne, and from the throne over all else. These (said he) were the seven spirits of God. Such a seven (or perfect number) of spiritual powers opened on man is often named in Scripture. Of these the second is called the "spirit of understanding," or the "spirit of intelligence." So long as

anything remains not yet intelligently known, the activity of that intelligence will be the Spirit of Enquiry.

The Spirit of Enquiry then is God's Spirit working in capable men, to enlarge the measure and the fulness of man's capacity—or, from the human side, it is man's spirit being attracted ever nearer to the All Wise and All Knowing.

With every great capacity goes great duty, great pain, great reward. No pain sorer than that of a high intelligence denied its freedom; no consolation for almost any ill purer than fruitful research.

Although minute methods of enquiry as yet were not, and could not be, yet how striking it is to see in the Book of Job the spirit of man recovering its balance, restored out of anguish and doubt to its true bearings by passing through a detailed contemplation of the facts of nature, and reasoning about them—a contemplation of nature, and of giant forms of life, from which some would have expected the tormented yet reverent spirit almost to shrink, either through fear of materialism or through fear of idolatry.

If by the breadth and depth of capacity with which some souls are enlarged—a capacity hungering more, the more it is replenished—God has intensified the duty of Enquiry, He has set over against the duty, in more than answering magnificence, the work which it has to accomplish, that so the brightest of intelligences may have no excuse for losing its humility.

If the optician, perfecting his instruments, may one day show us the multitudes of heaven, coming out till they shine, no more like "patines of bright gold," but as it were one gold-mailed sphere; if the physicist bids us conceive the tiniest fragment of mist to be infinite, infinitesimal watery

globes bounding and rebounding in every direction with incredible velocity; if the prince of observers tells of every leaf-tip and of every fibrous root-point as describing its ellipses with ceaseless accuracy day and night in the air and under the earth; and if such things are but petty popular fragments of fact which even such as I can apprehend, and are nothing in the world to the revelations dawning on the man of science, what wonder if the magnificence of the field which corresponds to the necessity of enquiry should, as being "practically limitless," apparently everlasting, tempt us to treat it as if it were really eternal and adequate to all thought.

And yet it cannot be so. There is a *sum* of created things, and therefore a real end (however far off) to what can be known of them. Though what is known compared to what is not known is like the tiniest islet of the Pacific, nay like a coral branchlet, a microscopic shell, compared to the Pacific itself, yet pass a little way into space, and the whole Pacific and the globe itself is rounded and summed into a speck.

Though "practically limitless" and "apparently everlasting" are large words, yet, that the knowledge of things material is *only* "practically" and not *absolutely* limitless, and apparently but not scientifically eternal,—this does make a difference to the soul. The soul has every reason to believe itself absolutely eternal, and theoretically progressive without limit—to know itself greater than all that cannot be so qualified.

But if the duty, if the subject-matter, of enquiry be so vast, then how great is the duty of rigour in announcement of results: for if error be made, how great is that error.

Again, just when we have realised the duty of rigour

and precision, then we feel the edge of a new temptation—we cannot but feel tempted to set aside whatever does not yield to our enquiry—to disregard, almost to disbelieve in, what cannot be stated with rigour, nor subjected to measurements of precision. The finite alone seems admissible; and its exclusive rights present themselves in all their force just when we have been tempted, almost driven, to conceive of it as going on for ever.

Again, how strong the temptations which arise from such apparent limitlessness to minds trained imperfectly, or educated in one groove—the temptation to forget that the apparent limitlessness which we speak of is apparent in one direction only; viz. the detection of causes more and more remote in the one region of force and matter. The temptation amid conceptions of them, ever new, and startling in their newness, to forget that men have conceptions equally worthy of investigation in other directions—that though material observation cannot by its nature pursue these, that there must be something underlying this universal consciousness that force and matter only float in the eternal thought of which we all know ourselves in some degree partakers; to forget that creative power itself (and much more its products) forms but one among many realities which thought conceives.

It is then both strange and true that temptations arising from the duty of rigour actually concur with temptations arising from apparent limitlessness. They tempt us into negations only. Yet they exceedingly tempt us to assume the office of the prophet. It seems to us but a small thing to be called to know no more than we know. We have at once a more exact knowledge and a greater field than all men. Who so fit to prophesy to them?

Yet the real prophet is one who foretells what will *happen* out of what he *knows* already. The false temptation is to declare what we *shall know* hereafter before we *do* know it.

Still such temptations pass away more perfectly than any other temptations pass, if we forewarn ourselves not to consider the one plane of observation as if it were the whole sphere of thought. The temptation passes if creation presents itself to us as but one among many mysteries; if we remember that we have long ago launched on deeps of mysteries; that it is no fancied voice men hear in their souls, though it does not vibrate on the tympanum; that there is a consciousness of and a sensitiveness to the presence of One who treads the deep very near, not according to laws which they had known; that He has said "It is I," and they have received Him, and immediately their ship has been at the land where they would be. The temptation passes; and instead of either the hard effrontery of narrowness, or the easily revived soft nature-worship of our Aryan fathers, we see the Spirit of Enquiry unblencht, undazzled, clothed with the perfections of exactitude and patience and humility.

This is that moral grandeur with which the Spirit of Enquiry has glorified her noblest—all those who have left no tarnish of presumption on their boldest speculations, no smirch of vanity on their personal greatness. For to enquire sincerely involves that we await the answer, and it is as true of the enquirer's faith as it is of the believer's, that "by our patience we shall win our souls."

It is thus that the Spirit of Enquiry keeps its watch, ever content yet ever yearning. It is the power in us through which the outer world can work its work upon the

inner. It is ever making something new its own out of that unmeasured, though not infinite, created whole, which yet seems part of some completer whole, not hopelessly inaccessible; whose cause indeed, more remote still, can perhaps not be known but by spontaneous revelation of itself.

It is thus that the Spirit of Enquiry exercises and forms one portion of the inward intellectual moral being which (itself thus answering to the outer world) is a complete whole of Life.

And that Life suggests its own cause. For one form of life, our own kind of life, human life, exhibits one phenomenon which is as marked and as markworthy in its operation and its accumulations as the labours of any other worms. One form of life only. In it that phenomenon is as certainly present, as it is certainly absent from the most sagacious eye, and the most docile habit of every other creature.

It is that phenomenon which universally exhibits these characteristics:—the sense of sin incurred; the sense of virtue to be attained; the anticipation of life after death; the desire to approach God; the sense of needed help in doing so; the confidence in the adequacy of certain help.

This phenomenon has created gigantic systems in the shadow of which there has been for awhile something of peace; yet none have been fully worked out; some have destroyed themselves, some have disappeared in growing light. For a little while each has swayed art, and law, and life. But one among them claims an origin and author, which none need have anticipated, yet many did. One only has that outward character of simplicity and natural-

ness, together with all that inner variety and complexity of detail, all that exactness of relations within itself, which belong characteristically to all known truths. It claims to exhibit the first evolution of manhood into God, in one perfect type to be afterwards repeated innumerably.

This phenomenon in humanity suggests the cause of all else; suggests that He toward whom humanity feels such a longing and such a conscience is none other than the Author of All. And the longing and the conscience are infinitely satisfied, and not surprised, when first they learn that He too has longed and yearned toward us, and has satisfied His yearning by becoming among us the Light of this world's mysteries and the Hope of eternity. Within the range of His teaching,—the forgiveness, the prayer, the trust, the hopefulness, the lovingness,—within all that domain, it is as possible to observe facts as it is in nature, and to obtain results equally certain and convincing.

True religion itself is a science, and viewed as a science it is at present the one science in which the effects lead *without a break* up to the Cause. The cause is the interest taken, the interest shown by the Author of All in that one highest phenomenon which marks the one highest form of life we spoke of: the interest of God in the most interesting of developments—in the progress of the human will, its growth, its fluctuations, its crises, its regeneration and its perfecting.

The Spirit of Enquiry has in nothing more verified itself, its method, and its subject, than in that it has advanced this one religion, has cleared and justified it: has demonstrated that the "tolerance" which marked its earliest teachings is essential to human progress: has, in marking the boundaries between faith and law, crumbled away

much of the materialism with which faith had been incrusted: has indicated to our apprehension something of new worlds to which, long before we had guessed where they might be found, the atoning efficacy had been already declared to extend:[1] has given deeper meanings to our mysteries by showing that it is not in *religious* mysteries alone that the embracement of logical opposites is the only possible way of expressing truth; that the law of polarity which had always reigned in religion was a constant law in nature: has shown us how even in morals, while one religion is self-condemned by its pride, another by its sensuality, another by its limitation to the oligarchy of intellect, Christianity alone possesses the scientific temper of rigorousness with compassion, of certainty with reverence, of confidence in what has been attained, together with that perfect worshipfulness of heart which waits on a far greater future.

Meanwhile before the Spirit of Enquiry every *other* religion fades fast away. Of the most beautiful, most pathetic, most noble and still most widespread of all religions, its latest exponent has written that "its four great mysteries are its four most certain mistakes."[2]

But, to say nothing of such mysteries, the very constitution of Buddhism assumes sin to be so inherent in the first texture of man, that the attainment of freedom from sin, the possession of perfect peace, comes only as a prelude to the dissolution of being. Its inner peace is the quiet sunset after a day of storms—but a sunset which gives no further hope of dawn.

But the sciences of humanity surely converge to that

[1] Col. i. 20; Eph. i. 10.

[2] Rhys Davids' "Buddhism," p. 101.

which both the Ministry and the Person of the Son of Man affirm, that evil is not of the essence of man, but a negation and probable destruction of what is characteristic in him; that perfect Peace is the fulness and not the overthrow of his true nature. Yes, these sciences gather close about Jesus of Nazareth when at the end of His teachings He says "Peace I leave with you—my peace I give unto you—not as the world giveth give I unto you."

And it is not on false religions only that the Spirit of Enquiry acts. It is a specific solvent for false forms of Christianity itself.

Some who have learnt just so much of Christianity that they can without misgiving proclaim themselves and their followers to be the only Christians, have learnt just so little that their teachings form the most effective hedge against others having any Christianity at all.

I know not whether any stern or any sensuous religion of heathendom has held up before men's astonished eyes features more appalling or more repulsive than those of the vindictive father, or of the arbitrary distributor of two eternities, or again of the easy compromiser of offences in return for houses and lands. Dreadful shadows under which thousands have been reared.

From none of these flows the Peace which Christ gave. In none of these is the Love with which God so loved the world, that He gave His Christ to the world, and the world to His Christ.

Has man in anything come so short of the glory of God as in the rough dealings and the mutual slanderings by which he has separated such chief friends as the two thus pledged to each other?

If anywhere a resolute "enquirer" with a "noble" heart

has been darkened with unbelief, that unbelief has begun in a revolt not against Christ Himself, but against some dire distortion of Him and of The Father.

Lastly—the same Spirit of Enquiry, which has made short work not only of the baser religions, but of the baser forms of ours, seems also now to stand holding a certain key which is wanted to open some hard doors and secret chambers of it, and a certain lamp needed to flash light into some dark places. Such has been its operation in Christianity hitherto, such the function which it shall yet fulfil more perfectly.

What has the Spirit of Enquiry done for Christianity hitherto? It is no mean benefit which has been touched on already—that it has cleared the convictions of men as to what may be expected of God.

It has done more. In regions outside elemental matter and force, it has evolved conceptions, asserted rights, pointed to duties. And in each such noble line it has brought out some trait in the character, or some divine conception in the mind of Jesus of Nazareth.

We may pass by some more striking and obvious instances, but we will take briefly three very clearly marked ones.

1. If enquiry has as yet reached any firm foundation on which we may build in working for the future social condition of man, it is the basis she has ascertained of the unity of life. The latest discovered laws involve at least this, that the Life of man is one Life. Who can estimate the sum of mutual duty which is wrapped up in this? Yet it is no more than the scientific verification of what was long ago stated, and by Christians (at least for a while) acted on.

"*There cannot be*," says St. Paul alike to the Greek town, to the Jewish colony, and to the Celtic village, "*there cannot be* Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman, for ye all are one in Christ Jesus."[1] And to that fastidious race whose poetry, philosophy, art and history suggested some unique purity of origin he speaks out, "He made of one every nation of men."[2] So long as this scientific doctrine of the unity of life is unacknowledged, the principles of Christianity are empirical. But when we know the one, the other becomes a scientific necessity. Then, let death, resurrection, immortal life be established as characterizing one man, they must be characteristic of mankind. "If death reigned through the one; much more shall they . . . reign in life through the one."[3]

Nay, something more is here anticipated than science yet has proved, close as she seems upon it. When we read that (Rom. viii. 22, 19) "all creation, groaning and travailing in pain together until now, shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption," when it shall have "waited" long enough for a certain "revealing" of humanity in a yet higher stage, how exactly consonant this is to what science very lately holds, that evolution can scarcely be deemed to have run out its course, but has yet results to produce from all that has been and that is.

2. From the liberty to enquire comes the liberty to express the results of enquiry. And this is in the preamble of the Charter of Jesus Christ. It is the once famous Christian παῤῥησία—the Christian's proper "freedom of speech."

[1] Col. iii. 11; Gal. iii. 28. [2] Acts xvii. 26.
[3] Rom. v. 17, R.V.

"I ever spake with freedom of speech in the temple" saith the Master of all masters. "To teach with freedom of speech" was the claim of His Apostles. Nay, "We have freedom of speech toward God Himself" is the never before uttered exultation of the first redeemed ones.

Liberty to seek—liberty to formulate what is found. Devoutly we claim it beside graves at which the world creeps up to mourn with us. The shrine of our aged Master, the snow drift of our young Master.[1] What deeper yet more universal teachings became theirs out of the all-wise Word, we perhaps may not know. Far withdrawn teachings out of the perfect Work, these they opened for themselves and us. And they will help men to read the Word itself more truly. Well has it been penned by a believing man of science, "Science can no more submit to be controlled [by Theology], than Theology can allow herself to be fretted by every little alteration in scientific opinion. Intellectual work of every kind must be free."[2] And the New Testament is still the one volume of books on religion which accepts this whole statement.

3. And the third requirement, in which both the schemes are at one, is the demand for fruit. Other religions than the Christian, other philosophies than the Inductive, are content with themselves; their end is in themselves. They have not even conceived such an aim as the coming with light, comfort, and power to the side of *every* creature. But "that ye may bring forth fruit and that your fruit may remain;" "to proclaim the good news to *every* creature;" "to make *all* men see;" "to be the Saviour of *all* men;"

[1] Charles Darwin, died April 19, 1882.
Balfour, died July 19, 1882.

[2] Beale, "Protoplasm," p. 336.

"that in Christ should *all* be made alive"—these are the vast, unflinching, eternal aims of the New Testament. And what, according to the sum of the New Organum, what are the ultimate aims of the Spirit of Enquiry? "The two great losses of humanity (it says) are not irreparable. Its *innocence* is recoverable through religion and faith. Its *rule over creation* is recoverable through arts and sciences. Creation is not utterly and for ever a rebel against man, even by virtue of this charter—'By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread;' that is to say, By varying toils (not by controversy nor by lazy ceremonial) creation is bound over to provide man with *bread;* that is, with all that is needful for the life of humanity."[1]

May this great Association by its reverent freedom of "noble Receiving" and of "noble Examining" be ever a chosen instrument in the recovery of both the losses—for are not the two losses one?

[1] Baconi "Novum Organum," lib. ii. c. lii.

THE TEACHER'S FREEDOM.

THE TEACHER'S FREEDOM.

Saltley, December 1, 1885, *at the Anniversary of Worcester, Lichfield and Hereford Training Colleges.*

"He that teacheth let him give himself to his teaching."—ROM. xii. 7.

THERE is a commonplace kind of mind which treats its owner's proper work with a sort of irony, and fancies itself larger for doing so. You are not to think that is all they are fit for. They are afraid of being enthusiastic about it, lest you should think them narrow, and lost in it. Even a charitable giver will disparage his gifts as wasted on such unimprovable creatures. The visitor finds it hard to be sweet and bright towards relapses.

St. Paul urges "the giver" to give with a will, and him "who shews mercy" to be "cheerful" too. He bids "the ruler be diligent"—not grandly to organize, and then expect the wheels to work on by themselves; not to put himself into others' hands, but to attend to details as well as principles.

And he bids "the teacher give himself to his teaching" —the monotony, the repetition, the limitations of the subjects taught, are not to make him forget either that the subjects are parts of, perhaps keys to, God's great truths, or that his pupils are of God's kingdom eternal.

The teacher who forgets this nowadays must be insensible indeed. The cry is "To the teacher" as it has been in

no time or place before. The voices of the world and of the Church are making themselves heard in stronger tones than usual. To you, I think, they speak with special distinctness. A new and a very vast class is at this moment giving an operative opinion on very wide questions, social and political. Who can estimate the greatness of the issues hanging on their opinion? Those voters have, almost without exception, passed as individuals under the hands of your predecessors and compeers. Their children, and those who will take their places and inherit their influence, at least for some generations to come, will be chiefly formed and moulded by you and the great body which you belong to. They are to be committed to you by the World and Church for this very purpose. The trust and the responsibility—how do we estimate them? how are we preparing to exercise them?

The Church places all trusts and all responsibilities on their true level. She is not indifferent to the world's interests. She is most keen concerning the stages of the world's progress. She recognises them as parts of the eternal purpose. While our to-day's fragment of history would engross us, she is making us keep Advent too. She is placing before God all history from its beginning to its ending. She is praying for ability to "discern the signs of the times," to give to every excitement its own due value. Again, she is keeping St. Andrew's-tide. She is interceding for Missions to the Heathen. She is praying for the many millions, to whom no wildest speculator would yet dream of assigning a share in the central government of themselves. She will labour on until she has raised them first to that moral level to which she has brought European Christendom and Christian England,

and then onward far beyond this. Among them there are populations and classes which in polish, in thought, need not fear comparison with ours. But in the scale of influence on the world's progress they still are nothing. They lift none. They are only lifted. And no real change will be possible for them until native Christian churches have long been constructed among them, and Christian schoolmasters have long instructed their childhood and moulded their youth.

A glance at what is outside and still to come, should make more distinct to us what is at home and present, enabling us to realise the great outlines of our work free from encumbering details.

The first thing I would bid you see and be sure of is the reality and the solid value of every subject you have to teach. If it is taught worthily, it is worth teaching. Some one will say, Are not our secular subjects even too close to us? Ought we not rather to be helped to realise the value of the things which are beyond and above our daily round of instruction?

But I mean this. I once had the singular experience or being told in a large school of highest grade that the use of somewhat antiquated text-books and methods was not felt by its managers to be objectionable, because the subjects of instruction were not the real end of the education. The morals and the religion, the habits of life and tone of feeling, were what the instructors really had at heart; and those were influenced and fashioned quite as well, and perhaps rather better, through traditional vehicles, than by frequent alterations although they might possibly be improvements.

I will not stop to remark on the self-undermining process which was going on in that scheme of education, the present loss, the future awakening of those subject to it, and what was likely to be one day wrecked in their indignation.

But yet a like carelessness as to the reality of knowledge, as to the importance of learning what is right in right ways, as to the sacredness of truthfulness as well as of truth, may be produced by quite different ways of looking at the world, and at the real ends which an educator has in view.

Not only is knowledge good, and the following of any subjects into accurate corners a gain to any intellect, but the position of a learner, and his attitude towards a teacher whom he respects from the heart, are beautiful in their effect on character.

But all these effects are liable to distinct alteration when the main end of acquiring the knowledge is to be able to impart it, and the teacher is viewed chiefly as one who is teaching us how to teach.

There is a still further element of disturbance in the pursuit of knowledge, when we add this second consideration, that those whom we are now being taught to teach will not themselves be aiming at a knowledge which counts nothing alien to itself, but at a knowledge to which almost all is alien which cannot be measured by an agreed-on standard and registered and rewarded.

The boundlessness of knowledge, the richness, the freedom, even the joy which it yields to the independent prosecution of it for its own sake, do not come into consideration at either period of our work—not necessarily or essentially. Yet if you had asked any philosopher or master, old or new, he would have told you that love and

devotion to knowledge for its own sake were necessary and essential to any true idea of knowledge—absolutely essential.

So then we have this and a number of noble institutions, which represent the highest educational resources and skill of these times, energetically employed in the constant communication of Knowledge and Method, and yet the highest idea of neither can, under the only applicable conditions, be insisted on by them and imparted.

But would it not be really a misfortune if they could?

In the instance I first named, there was a wrong choice. But in our case, although we can, if we will, also make wrong choice, yet the conditions of our life and work enforce no wrong choice. It is in the perfect freedom of your own spirit, while the most necessary knowledge in the best shape is offered to your minds, that the true nobleness of your calling lies. If a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth, still the abundance of God's gifts will not spoil his life except through his own fault and selfishness. If he is a wise man they are precious means of good. And so it is that useful knowledge acquired and possessed in the most compact and useable shape still will not cramp a man's soul, unless he wills it. The Pursuit of Utility may or may not make a man a Utilitarian. It need not.

Here is the grand, the all important, personal element which you yourselves must supply. It is for you to determine that neither in your learning nor in your teaching will you be limited by the consideration of tangible mental profits and quick mental returns. The distinction is visible in the concrete in trade itself. It is the difference between the huxter at the fair and the merchant prince of Florence or of

London. St. Paul says we must not "huxter" great subjects. Μὴ καπηλεύοντες, *non cauponantes*, you remember.

Helps towards this spirit are admirably suggested to you here in the voluntary subjects. In the study of these there is a sense of independence which will run over into the other studies. How much it is lacking in those examinees who do not offer even the highest and widest and yet easiest of those subjects.

And when you come to be masters you will find it increasingly helpful to have side-subjects for study of your own. That takes away the enfeebling thought of drudgery. You have found, I am sure, that self-imposed earnest work reacts upon and illustrates every other study. It is a salt which gives wholesomeness, relish, keenness to all other work. I do not speak from my own experience only, though that is most clear; you will find what animation every great teacher from Ascham to Arnold found in real private study. Above all, the daily keen exercise of the mind and of the spirit in piercing the word of God till it yields you its force, and then with all your powers working it into Prayer and converse with the Father of spirits, taking your pupils and yourself to the Fountain of Thought and Feeling. This your own early half hour has a power absolutely to stay and quench mean absorptions and self-engrossment.

This wanting, no religious instruction you are allowed to give will much avail. With this, you cannot but be a religious instructor, whatever else you teach. One half hour daily of religious teaching, and that the last of the afternoon, was all that De la Salle and the Christian Brothers required. They threw themselves into secular teaching with all the ardour of religious men. But I have

known few wrecks of life more piteous than an attempt to teach the facts of Scripture without inner acceptance of them and life in them, even though there was a liberal persuasion that no better vehicle of principles for youth was to be found. There is a true wild parable about that, in the history of the Priest's Sons who exorcised in a Divine Name, not believed in, not beloved, but seen to be effective. The spirit was not laid but angered. They succeeded, but they were routed by their success.

On the other hand, if there are those who really desire religious teaching to be banished from education, not merely to escape jealousies, but for its own sake; they have done little by erasing the subject from the time-table. They must erase it from the hearts and from the consciences of those who teach. Testimonials of irreligion would be required at last. The logical sequel of non-religion-on-principle is strange indeed.

I said that secular subjects awakened the ardour of a *religious* man. Who else indeed can rate them at their true worth? To him they are sacred subjects, because of their discoverable truth; because they belong to the fulness of earth's life and man's nature; and are, as St. Paul says, the primary manifestation of eternal power and Godhead. "What a difference" (says Dr. Westcott) "there must be between the teaching of Wordsworth by a Christian and by an unbeliever!" The so-called "secularist" is the man who deprives things secular of all power and meaning and beauty. The true secularist is he who knows the dignity and divineness that is in all things but sin.

A polished man of letters in the last century, the bosom-friend of its chief poet, a man cherished by the great leaders of society, made it his dying request that two lines, which he

composed for the purpose, might be included in his epitaph. There they are in marble in the Abbey—in deep, instructive discord with the earnest chorus of the poets of England and the echoes of their last home—

> "This life's a jest, and all things shew it—
> I thought so once, and now I know it."

The world's own voice, this world's life, pretending to speak with added wisdom out of the tomb—and yet denying its own reality. What a strange complication!

Yet it points us to the very first thing the Christian Teacher has to do—to raise the world seriously to know its own value. It is only the religious man in whose eyes the world is great, venerable, sacred. Christ is the Master who begins by making his pupils feel their own value to God. "The very hairs of your head are numbered." "Of such, of little children, is God's kingdom." "What shall he give in exchange for his own soul?" And if Christ be our Master, then the wondrous gifts with which He has stored the world, with which He builds up man's intelligence, and with which He endows that intelligence when He has fashioned it, are every one of them sacred in themselves, and shadows of things imperishable. Language, Number, Force, Form, Colour, Music, Laws of Thought—all the Knowledge, Science, Beauty, Philosophy that arise from them, may seem to one man subjective creations, to another mechanic workings of an engine, to another flattering dreams. They may seem to another to be all that can be known or cared or lived for, things before the known reality of which all movements or yearnings or gains of any supposed inner spirit should be suppressed, as incapable of being verified. On the other hand, to the Christian, and to the Christian Teacher most practically of all, they are

every one of them new revelations of what God thinks and does and Is. He is able in these to follow God at work, and to gather some ideas of the methods of His working. Then, with an inexpressible sense of awe, and yet with an irrepressible desire to seek out God's ways more closely in history and in science, he realises that they bear a resemblance and true proportion to the ways which are brought out and emphasized in Jesus Christ. There is at once for him a new science and a new way of regarding all sciences. There is to him no knowledge that may be trifled with, no knowledge that may be despised. None may be carelessly, untruthfully, inaccurately learnt or taught. None may be used for display. Time and powers and the proportion of duties are the only limits. All that *is* done is done AS TO THE LORD. A new light kindles even that mighty expression, that seal of every service as eternal.

If it be thus with secular lessons; if it be realised that idleness, indifference, conceit are profanations of a communication from God, with which God has taken the infinite pains that appear in the beetle's wing or the dragon-fly's eye, how will it be with Religious lessons, which are the consummation and the interpretation of all secular lessons? For indeed they are not a totally different class of lesson; they are that supreme secular lesson without which the rest are unfinished. And for itself, without the secular lessons, it lacks its application, its introduction into what depends upon it. I need not dwell on this. Your choice, the charter of your College, your studies here, all guide you on to perfect your other teaching by this its natural climax. Your life here prepares you to kindle all other knowledge with a living spark, because in the religious lesson there is most naturally enkindled and

fostered that *affection* for God and Christ, for which the other lessons supply fuel rather than fire. The affection *will* express itself in him who feels it. Your teaching is, after all, yourself.

One of the most singular facts of a singular period will hereafter be thought the transient assent of many religious persons to the irreligious theory that Bible-Teaching was not essential to school-education. If China or the Ottoman Empire had forbidden Confucius or the Korân to be learnt in schools, who would believe that they were not preparing to surrender the religion? Here we are requested to believe that some hindrance to religion is being removed. I am not comparing the books. But it is only the action of the religious consentients which is singular, not that of the irreligious. For the whole scheme is reactionary as to human progress. With the inner Faith and Love it abandons the most "powerful elements and factors in human thought and culture—the Life of Christ and the Bible History." Nay, it abandons the sole records of the Race for many ages—records without which every indication, monument, and relic of those fruitful, germinal, parental ages would be unintelligible, and no present thread of human thought would be capable of investigation. If so defective, so unreasoning, so shapeless a scheme could live it would check progress in many directions. And so, in the mean time, I do not at all counsel you to an exclusive selection of schools already religious for the scenes of your future work.

The Christian Churchman is needed everywhere, and everywhere renders without fear an honest service. To those who have the happiness of being Church teachers in Church schools, I have no further message than to bid

them let that happiness take its full range, and receive its full spiritual food. Remember that your simplest doctrine is a doctrine with a life, with a history full of centuries of examples, of illustrations, of the working out of principles. Be then yourselves men charged with History. Let the bright strong lives of the past enrich your thoughts and works and words.

Lastly, I am sure that in this view of your profession which I have endeavoured to sketch, or rather to dot out, lies the secret of that brightness (may I say of those high spirits?) which are all but essential to your success. No mere bodily health or activity, imperative as it is on you to preserve them, will ensure the perennial cheerfulness without which few can learn much from you. Remember Plato said that "in order to teach, it was necessary to *please*"—διδάσκειν ἀρέσκειν. Remember Arnold said he "should resign Rugby when he ceased to be able to run up the library staircase." And I know how in my own boyhood it was the dissociation of labour from vexation, the unfailing kindly wit, the rapid illustration, the endless happy allusions to men and books and things, the brightness which flashed a cheer into a difficulty, and made every knotty point of scholarship into a pleasure of the mind only waiting to be realised; above all, it was the never presenting to our minds the standard of an examination, the keeping before us that if a subject was worthy of intense study it was worthy in itself for its own sake; this was the spirit which took us all captive, and enamoured us of the eloquence, the knowledge, the insight of the antient masters, and of the acuteness and precision of the scholar-critics.

Yet the names of Arnold and of Lee, and the beautiful awfulness of Plato, are sufficient to warn us that cheerfulness

is no want of seriousness. Life admits of no levity. Levity is no cure for the depression to which from time to time you will be tempted. Failure of good work, the worse failure which some successes seem to be shadowed with, your own mistakes, the anxiety with which you will watch to see which influence prevails as the child grows up—the bad home or the good school—will often minister to you matter enough for despondency.

You cannot in these days sit down, when the school hours are over, to the imagination that your profession has the same limits as those of a house of business. Your expressions your temper, your tone each day are dwelling, and are being dwelt on, in the young thoughts, and in the words too, of those who have dispersed and left you alone. You go on teaching in absence and in silence.

One wrote long ago of how "civility and good breeding were not human things, belonging to this world." It was of teachers that a great teacher was writing. Those qualities are indeed of the heart; and the putting them on from without, deceives no man but the man's self. Him it does delude.

How thorough is the old teaching of our very language! How were the perfect graces of the Knight described? Not by any words borrowed from other characters or from systems of social morals, but by words simply taken from what he *was*. "Chivalrous," *i.e.* simply what he was on horseback, in the field. "Courteous," *i.e.* simply what he was at home. The "Knight," the King's "Servant," for he took that plainest name, was in field and court what was fitting, and so his characteristics became words of chiefest praise.

So it is. Those qualities of Courtesy and Chivalry are non-existent if the man is not true. If he is, they are the natural description of him, and from him they flow along with his whole influence into any character he forms.

And they spring up out of what I believe has been always the watchword of your training here—"TRUST." Trust reposed makes *trusty* and *trustful*, and that is the plain English of what underlies the Norman's *chivalrous* and *courteous*. So be it ever with you.

POWERFUL RICH AND POWERFUL POOR.

POWERFUL RICH AND POWERFUL POOR.

St. Mary's, Nottingham, October 12, 1871, *at the Church Congress.*

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?"—Isa. lv. 2.

It is many ages since a great preacher of God declared his belief that if any one, otherwise bearing the aspect of a divine messenger, should make this the sum of his teaching—"that men would do well to model all their lives upon the principle of obtaining as much enjoyment as they might,"—he would find not only a willing audience, but an audience ready to ascribe to him an insight more than mortal.[1]

Civilisation from time to time reaches a platform or a stage, as it were, at which it seems unusually satisfying. It seems to meet man's wants and man's desires with a full cup. It may be that it is really but in an early stage. It may be that after some epoch of either stagnancy or convulsion it may resume a career which shall absorb all past results and end far beyond them. Yet still, whenever effort has been intense and long sustained, and the gains of the arts of life great and rapid, there comes a time in which old motives, ancient oracles, seem to the men of

[1] Micah ii. 11.

that generation outworn. Nothing is so great and so dear to them as enjoyment and variety, and the fulness of this world's resources. And then—the student of literature modern and ancient knows it well—then ensue those periods whose thought is marked by voluptuousness, by unbelief, and by melancholy. Men revel and the skeleton rises at the feast; faith has tottered, hope beyond the grave is not, the passion of the hour is all in all—wealth, and ease, glowing excitement, and delicious languors;—and over all broods the shadow of death, and even he is powerless save over his immediate victim—powerless to inspire aught but a pathos and a dreamy melancholy in a world which keeps itself in countenance so bravely.

The signs of those times are numerous. I will mention one. It is then that poets begin to disclaim the loftiness of their calling; to protest that all they wish or can, is to calm the hours that are left us, and spread a fairer sunlight over eyes that will soon be closed; to redeem enjoyment from coarseness, to make it more intense by making it more pure and subtle. But it is not theirs, they tell us, to do what the poets and prophets of old did—to arouse men from this world's lethargy altogether, into a wakeful heroism; to bid men enjoy indeed, but count enjoyment to be the fringe of life, not life itself; and to despise luxury as a thing which will conjure our heart away from love of liberty, from compassionateness, from the fire of zeal, from the dignity of a great hope. That was once the calling of the Poet, and of God's high poet, the Prophet. But if now we should have reached such a stage in our country's history that the new poesy—infallible index of a nation's moral temperature—takes up this other burden among us; if at the same time many

other moral phenomena point the same way; if the cities of pleasure are more pleasurable and more thronged, if the weekly day of thoughtfulness becomes eminently the pleasure-day;—again, if homesteads on every side are devoured by the irresistibly increasing pleasure-ground of the great; if the multiplying lines of easy houses testify to the speed with which money grows for them that have it, and the densified misery-class of great towns shows the vastly greater decrease of means and increase of despair for them that have it not; if, as has been pointedly said, the one present aim and passion of the middle class is "to live in idleness on usury," and of the poor to receive more money than their work is worth; heedless of justice, to expend coarsely, yet to have more than enough; to do less than enough, and to do it amiss;—then this is the time, or then at least all things are preparing for the time, when the message of Micah the prophet shall be true again, as it has been from time to time in Time's flight:—

> "If a man walk with the wind and lie falsely, saying,
> 'I will prophesy unto thee of wine and strong drink,'
> He shall even be the prophet of this people."

However, whether it shall go on to prove true for us or no,—whether the knots about us shall so tighten still that nothing but the sword of the returning Christ can sever them; or whether the culminating evil may be abated, and the rising waters let off by safe channels,—these issues must depend, in the main, on what shall be the action, what the prevailing thought, what the determinate course taken by the classes who are represented more or less by such a religious meeting as now pours itself for six days into the streets of a rich manufacturing town. They come because

the tone of opinion, and still more of feeling, is of concern to them. They come because they have an errand and a message to those who represent riches, to those who represent labour, and, alas! suffering. Is that message earnest enough, is it sympathizing enough, and then is it in the true sense *political* enough? does it sufficiently represent the true polity of the lasting city of God on earth? sufficiently to infuse itself with might into the heart of the people, and moderate its fevered pulses and work its health? If it is a true message we need scarcely fear but that it will be *strong* enough. But it does need to be true, and wise also: true with the sincerity that must *reason*, and will reason soundly, and live and die by what it finds; and wise in the adequacy of the organizations and institutions through which it proposes to lay a kindly hand on the unbeliefs, the hardnesses of heart, the selfishnesses, the weaknesses, and the great sorrows of our day.

Now, doubtless, if the Church came here to prophesy smooth things—to take the tone of the popular press, for instance—she would be favourably heard. If she came to expand her history, her art, her glorious archæology, most men would catch the tone admiringly. If she came to express acquiescence in the modern posture of speculative thought, and in negative results, she would be eulogized for liberality and her comprehension of the ideas of the age. And then, how many a morality and holy practice might she instil if she could thus ingratiate herself? Even if she would resign her catholicity and take the key-note of any one of her great parties, she might at once have a triumph decreed her. She might prepare more soothing, more attractive devotional services than ever, and gather yet larger companies by sacred oratory. Again, she might

take a wholly different line, and adopt more strictly religious and yet popular views: assure men, by their own convictions, of names written in heaven, and God's unalterable choice fixed on them. Or she might claim rights in the superhuman sanctities of her elder sons, and assign you fixed portions in that inheritance to supply your lack of works. Or, again, she might take the Declaimer's stand in our great English allegory, abjure all need of works together, and all the doctrine of those "who ignorantly live in the works of the law, by which a man can by no means obtain the kingdom of heaven," and might cry, "Alas! that so few understand the need of faith and the necessity of a work of grace in their soul;" and forget to deliver the old Puritan's dictum, "The *soul* of religion is the *practick* part."

It is not, however, a matter of "might be." These preachings you know actually "are," and are acceptable; and each in its place produces some short-sighted but apparently striking results. And doubtless, if the whole Church would but throw her undivided strength into well maintaining any one of those taking doctrines, she might rouse such enthusiasm or devotion as other Churches and sects do according to their measure; and she might be, more than she is, "the prophetess of this people."

But, above all, if she could only be convinced that her Gospels were not the basis of her belief, but only the creations of her early creed, that her definite dogmas were spun of the same airy thread, that their value has consisted in the scaffolding which one gave to morals, the other to life; that both are now outworn in their first sense, and waiting only for her to interpret them more philosophically; could she say that all ascetic habit, all self-renunciation, is an ana-

chronism; discipline not a development, but a stunting of the spirit; that benevolence is the selfish indulgence of an instinct, and selfishness the best benevolence; could she say that research into the material fabric of a self-grown world is the only science, and material fact the only precious substance of education,—then she should "step down through town and field, to mingle with the human race"—a prophetess indeed, venerable to many of this nation. For "she should walk with the wind and speak falsely;" and many would know that to them it would be "a prophecy of wine and of strong drink, and she should even be the prophetess of this people."

But the Church has a different message; a message of which parts heard in distorting, partial echoes sound in many ears retrogressive, reactionary; parts of which really are so, if such theories be true. For the Church—we confess it—has been endeavouring to roll them from the face of all nations since the beginning. These doctrines have marked all rich, luxurious ages. They are the weapons of the "Flesh against the Spirit."

But has she one word disobedient to the most rigid science, the sternest pursuance of its laws? No. For her desire is only to the Truth: and none readier than her priests to make science popular. Has she a word against assiduous labours of humanity in the most engrossed scenes —even when that devotion is but to the decoration of beautiful persons, or the adorning of rich dwellings, or the softening of delicate lights? Not a word. She points to the plumy crest of the crowned crane, or to the flaming gold and purple of the tropic insect; to the pattern-woven nest-walls of the oriole, or geometric nets no heavier than

the air itself; to dyes, and hues, and shapes, and phantasies, which encourage while they defy our skill; and she bids the fanatic hold his peace. The Church is no fanatic. Nay; it is not against the labours of brawny arms, nor the infinite subtlety of delicate fingers, nor all the grace of human lives, that she takes up the parable. Neither against rich nor poor will she rail. Not the poor; for they are her treasure and her blessing. And the facts of God's world, and the gravitation which determines the order of society as plainly as it does the balance of the planets, would condemn her of fallacies if she rebuked riches any more than poverty.

But one thing there is against which it is her bounden duty to utter parable and prophecy and proverb all day long—and that without respect of persons—neither fearing the rich nor favouring the poor; and that one thing, which she sees on every side—in this town, I doubt not, as in every other—is the abuse of *Power;* the hard, bad, selfish use of Power. If she failed to see that; if her movings and resolvings have no aim or bearing on this great evil, never more rife than now under the sun, she would cease to deserve to be the prophetess she is—she would come down to the level of the sects.

Her mission is to prophesy to the *powerful* wherever they are. And if the rich have great power and turn it mainly to their enjoyment, and if the poor have great power and bend it toward unfairness; she prophesies to them both.

Let us, then, consider these three persons that have to speak together, for they are remarkable *dramatis personæ:* the Church; the Powerful Rich Man (he always was powerful); and the Powerful Poor Man—as it were Lazarus

in these latter days grown powerful, and taking something more than crumbs from the rich man's table.

To argue with the powerful has been always the duty of the first of these three. Prophets argued with kings at Jerusalem, at Jezreel, at Babylon; Apostles with rulers and governors, high priests and Agrippas, trembling Felix, mocking Athenian, or imperial headsman. Her Master told the Church she was to be the salt of the earth, to keep its rich, strong ingredients from corrupting. Perhaps she will not always do so, for He utters a terrible enigma about that: "If the salt lose its savour, it will be trodden under foot of men." But the day is not come yet. And if men are so little good with the salt, what will they be without it? Men may tread it under foot, but what manner of men will they be that tread it down and have no salt among them? But not only the Church in general is bidden thus to work, but the Church of England in particular has been bidden (so it seems to me) to work with a fresh energy, quite lately, and that by unexpected voices. Her enemies have clamoured that she should be cast out of her place and spoiled; they reasoned confidently, and what said the answer of the nation to *them?* "It cannot be." It bade her quietly go on and work her work, at least for a time, and fear not. But surely to us the nation seemed to turn and say: "Yet take ye heed to these voices. Grave defects are among you, or these voices would never have been heard. First of all things, if you are to affect this people of England, you must be at unity among yourselves. It is vain to talk that unity is impracticable; it is indispensable: and if you cannot master the disharmony within, still less can you cope with the awful clashing of sin and power and misery without. But meantime the work

is yours: we call on you to prove your title to your name and fame by working that which no sect can touch with one of its fingers. Mayhap, if you address you to the social problems which rest on ungodliness, undiscipline, and passion, the storm within will blow itself out." We take up the word—first falling on our knees to pray for love and grace; and we recognise that the busiest forces now employed, characteristic of this epoch of ours as undoing and preventing Christian life, are the disuniting, severing forces that are at work among brethren: Sectarianism first, or religious odium; and then, but far more powerful, more injuring to the conscience, more exclusive of truth and peace, that tyrannous Class Power which so deadens the sympathy of one social class with another, even while it leaves each class well aware that the other is essential to its own existence. What have we to say to each of these, to Sectarianism and to Class Power?

First, to that Sectarianism which means to dog our steps, and render all our work more difficult by side attacks while we should be warring front to front with sin—to it we say, in passing, this one word: We reck not whether you fight with fair weapons or unfair. To *you* it matters greatly: but of fair weapons we cannot be afraid: and if you take up unfair weapons, our only weapon shall be patience; you will defeat yourselves. To deprive us of secular and material aids may be a severe discipline to us, but it will have the effect which discipline always has. And when we have been disciplined, if God's good hand require it, we shall be in our old place again—chastened, because loved; chastened, that we may be strong and pure. We own that in time past, and still, we are shrunken below the measure of the stature of the fulness of our Christ; but no man can say

that the Church of this day is not yearning and striving to reach her true spiritual stature; her every pulse beats life and health,—and you, think you that you can fill even *our* clothes? Pity 'tis you will not fight yet in our ranks. The ancient historian tells us how, before the invention of the phalanx, the men of Macedon fought each man as he listed, armed himself in his own fashion, took his own view of the field and the foe, and fought what he calls an "autocratic battle."[1] It was valiant work, he says; but, he adds, it was very uncivilised, and very unsuccessful. And so you, O sects, fight autocratically; and—sin gains upon us all. But the Bible and the Church are for humanity, and cannot be understood except through the history you contradict and the philosophy you cheaply contemn. At present, we can no more argue with you on these necessary grounds than the ancient Church Fathers could take scriptural ground with those who re-wrote[2] the Scripture in their own sense. We may enlist you by demonstration of the Spirit and of power, and for this we wait and pray.

But how great is the cause—for to this we must return, undetained by inferior longings, however dear—how great is the cause in which we ought to be conspiring; how strong the citadel we ought this hour together to be carrying! The aspect of the world is new upon the surface, but old in the causes which shape it. We said the Church has a message to deliver to the ear of Power. And what is that Power now? Why, *Work* has become *Power*—as it always has done. Wherever there is unsparing, self-denying, self-consuming lavishment of work—*there*, in the hands of those who so spend and are spent, will you presently find all power concentrating.

[1] Thucyd., iv. 126. [2] Tertull., "De Præscriptione."

Once men worked with the sword. Soldiers and kings a few centuries ago, living hard lives, lying on the ground, coarsely fed, went smiting at this foul shape of evil or at that—some at barbarism, some at heathenism or the infidel; some against lawlessness, some against luxurious cities. *They* were the world's *workers* then, and very soon all Power was Military power.

Another age was the age of Merchant-work. Moving the rich products of the world to and fro, restless in activity, unwearied in discovery, paying profusely whoever would draw or weave or mould a thing of beauty, thriftless of toil and unbounded in expense—still Power rolled in where work was so ungrudging, and the Merchant Cities kept the princes at bay, and equalled and surpassed them.

But the most wonderful outgrowth of Power from work —most wonderful because the power was not aimed at or expected, but came—is seen in the Monastic system. What do the earlier centuries of that system record? They are a history of reading, and digging, and praying. But with what vast energy! Where the roughest, rudest waste was to be reclaimed, there they struck mattock till the wilderness smiled. There they wrote, generation after generation, copious libraries, and saved the grains of civilisation from perishing, when all hearts but theirs were given to fighting or to money-making. There their prayer-bells filled the air; there they broke the night hours, to rise and chant God's praise and intercede for the darkness that was about them. And what followed that tremendous Work? Tremendous Power. Power that drew the riches of continents towards them. And when the chair of Peter upheld all other thrones, it was itself upheld by the Monastic arm.

And what was the next work that was to be matched

with the old works of the knight, of the merchant, and of the monk? It is visibly the work of the Manufacturer. All former energy seems play to his. Theirs was continuous, but his is incessant; theirs was patient, but his is at lightning speed. The roar of his engines and his mills and the vastness of his production "hath trifled former knowings." And what follows? Power. To the capitalist who plants out his wealth till it grows colossal, and then places it out again that it may still wax to heaven, and watches and tends and corrects its growth—all with a skill only matched by his diligence—to him Power. Ay, and to the poor, pale, sickly crowds who burst from their little rooms like a torrent and are engulfed in giant factories, and then disgorged again and stream back to the little rooms; and to and fro, a great human flood of labour—ebb and flow with the same regularity as the strokes of the great engines about which they gather—to these poor ones also, Power. As generation after generation of them sinks down, still the tide of the Power of the class rises, and we—we look round, are alarmed to see what a height it has reached along our ancient rocks, far above all old water-marks, and we know that it is rising still.

And after Power comes what? Well, God forbid that to these masses there should come that which came to all former holders of great power, when once their work had brought them that great wages. What came to the power of the soldier, to the power of the merchant, to the power of the monk, when once it was established? Corruption. Corruption great as the Power was, great as the Work had been. No man can bear the sickening details of the Courts of the absolute princes who were the sons of the old patriot knights. No line can fathom the profligacy of a Venice or

a Florence when Power had succeeded work. And the corruption of the Monasteries, what did it bring but one common wreck of holiness with evil, from which we have not recovered yet, either materially or spiritually? Still every country parish bears the losses inflicted on it for their sakes. Still our minds turn ignorantly, but naturally, away from the thought of ascetic life and vowed poverty and the richest saintliness, because they have made it so hard for us to part the thought of the voluntary yoke, alas! from the thought of hypocrisy.

So, then, if history *can* only follow the course it has hitherto run—then, to the power of the capitalist, to the power and influence of the working classes, now every day ascending, to that power succeeds at last corruption. That is the next chapter of social history in England which will have to be written. And if so, how wide, how deep, how multitudinous! What corruption will be like it? There, then, lies the Church's work and message—to fling herself in to stay that corruption. Alas! alas! will she do it? Does she see it? Can she grasp, can she command the situation? Will she be the prophetess of this people, in another sense than Micah's? *Lord God, Thou knowest.*

It is a favourite doctrine in some quarters that the world is on the whole best adjusted by leaving each class to fight its own battles and make its own terms—that the amalgamation of interests by their natural operation is that which has lifted the world to its present degree of culture and prosperity, and that it is best to leave things so still. But we reply, that it has also brought our country to a condition with regard to its poorest classes and masses which has never been equalled for the scale of its misery

and meanness and vice. And again, that the leaving all interests to fight their own way has brought us to our present civilisation only through tremendous convulsions of society from time to time, every one of which has not only wrought untold misery, but has also swept from the earth as a sacrifice some good thing never to be regained. And again, that after all there never has been wanting *some* restraining power, some check upon selfishness, some self-sacrificed class or party which has broken the shock though it perished. And again we say that History and the Bible do point out plainly the necessity of making real efforts against all corruption, irrespective of all interests but those of truth and purity; and that this their teaching witnesses that if former efforts failed it was because they were not valiant enough; and assures victory, if only those who believe would believe enough in their belief. There is no crime too great to be committed by a class which regards class interests only, be it otherwise ever so refined, or ever so true and so kindly to those who are of its own order. It was such a class, polished and learned in Scripture, which wrought the crime of Calvary. Would you know what one class can do to another class that has lived and is ready to die for them, remember what happened the other day to the parish priests of Paris, and to the College St. Firmin.

In this direction, then, seems to lie the Church's message; and it is a message the which to frame demands her wisest intellect, her gravest constant councils, her steadiest maintenance of principle, the widest coalitions that principle will sanction. It demands an organization so wide and so minute that our present efforts are but a blind feeling of our way towards it. But, happily for us, while we pray for those on whom lies the burden

of new-framing, at this period of vibration and change, constitutions strong enough and elastic enough to bear such stress, we have our help to give by feeling, thinking, speaking, acting up to great broad general laws which lie before us in our Bibles. If we will learn, if we will promulgate in the little portion of society in which we live, the faiths, the loves, the self-disciplines, the tendernesses which we learn in the Bible, we shall be preparing the way; we shall be doing the largest, the most solid, though not the most conspicuous pieces of the work. If the rich would give themselves the dignified happiness of simplicity, personal and domestic, they would obey the law at once of God and of Nature. They wish for rest—rest after labour. Do they find it in luxury? That morbid thing, is it not in its modern shapes new toilsomeness, new weariness? But simplicity of life is rest indeed.

And then how noble the expenditure, which would become possible if some of our rich men set the example of living as some of the real rich men of the earth have actually lived in their time! If Christian simplicity came once more into vogue among us, half our social problems might be solved. And therefore let not us meaner people, who may not be drawn into the solution of great problems, think we have nought to do but to let the world go by. Take we up our Bibles and see for ourselves, and get our neighbours to see the true, unchanging, religious and eternal words which commend to us simple life and open hand. The spirit which would stir abroad and prevail would reduce some social problems to nothing and render others soluble. You are living up to the verge of a large income, your expenditure and your investments leave you a comparatively poor man, at least a helpless

one for any improvement of things about you. It is a common case. But the Bible (if you believe it) gives you abundant reason (without recourse to political economy, though quite in support of its truths) why neither expenditure nor investment should proceed so fast. With this noble spirit abroad, as under Christianity it should be, should we then hear such nice calculation of how far private beneficence may be reckoned on to save the State's taxation? and how far it must be checked lest it create wants which the State will have to meet? and how far it is cheaper for the State to meet beneficence than to let it do all? Quite necessary, as things are, to have such calculation; but it is our private selfishnesses which are generating the infinite poverty. So we are come to considering how far the State should alleviate the miseries of little children for fear of encouraging the growth of families; to balance how many pennies a week cheaper we can train them in masses than in homes, against how much more it will cost us, finally, if we send them out as apprentices, sharp and taught, but without reverence or without love, ready for crime. We broaden broad estates by the appropriation of public lands and with trimmings of the cotter's acre, and suppression of homesteads; and when neither milk nor green vegetable nor fruit nor meat appears any more on the labourer's table, and the country places dwindle, and the back streets grow, we see a portentous evil which statesmen cannot solve, but which the simplicity of the Christian life on Bible teachings would have obviated and even now could remedy.

When the severance of class from class appals us with its certain end; when infectious disease seems to some almost a remedial agency thinning a degraded population;

when in a sort of fear we feel obliged almost to leave it to ignorance and sinful gain to decide whether they will have their children taught knowledge and honesty; then we see what comes of hundreds of rich intelligent laymen in a parish leaving it to a single clergyman to climb the stairs of the sick, and to offer teaching to the few that have not lost through long degradation the sense to value it. But the Bible would have taught rich men to do these things from the beginning, without waiting for the horrors of our experience.

If simplicity of life and naturalness of practice is what the rich fail in, greatly misusing their power thereby, what is the misuse of power of which the poor are guilty? It is Injustice. Time has been when the working man was praised for justice as his characteristic. Yet the moment the combinations of working men are powerful, their old justice is what they most contemn. All that was unfair before in others becomes fair for them to do; all that is fair enough if they do it, is unfair if others resort to it. To say to you, "do not use the power you have," "do not organize," would be ridiculous as a counsel; but with what bitterness will those who love you see you tread the same path to corruption which other Powers have trodden! Might it not have been hoped that if the coming hour is yours, if your work leads at last to Power as by a certain law it has ever done, you at least might read the lessons of the past, and make your power immortal.

Do not deny God as they did. Do not seek the wages of injustice by scanty work, by unconscientious work and extortionateness. Make your houses healthful, and sweet, and wise. Let "civic fellowship and civic pride" have place

with you. Care for those that shall come after you. Use the rich-stored past as not abusing it. Organize freely yourselves, and let the great organizations of old for benevolence, for teaching, for culture, for worship, be made trebly and tenfold operative. Listen not to those who would divide the spoil of a hundred generations. Their own logic condemns them; for, taking their own ground that it is not good for coming ages to receive the interest of old foundations which would fall to their lot, how much less good for us to devour interest and principal at once. Aye, and the greedy division made, the need would return with double sharpness; not one element of need would be obliterated. These are mere rudiments. Yet, let the science of human life follow ever so many threads to perfection, reach ever so refined a truth, ever so unforeseen, she can but return to the same conclusions for the poor, whether they be helpless in isolation or mighty in union: "Be prudent, be provident, be just." So will it be worked out at last, that the Bible is true when it calls Poverty blessed, and true when it declares that the Rich man can only be blessed by becoming so far as in him lies Poor through simplicity.

Simplicity and Justice—these are the two things of which it is better to prophesy, than of "wine and strong drink"—the wine of Enjoyment and the strong drink of Power. And if the Church will prophesy of these things and be the first to show men how to practise them, then it may be prophesied of her that she shall yet again be the Prophetess of this People.

LOVE'S DEBT.

LOVE'S DEBT.

Great St. Mary's, Cambridge, June 8, 1890, *before the University.*

"Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." —1 St. John iv. 11.

I am desired to ask your bounty for Addenbrooke's Hospital to-day, and to-day's Epistle and Gospel plead eloquently, indeed, for Addenbrooke's Hospital, for its charities and for its famous schools. The Gospel is the first Christian physician's appeal to human feeling in the narrative of a typical case. St. Luke on Lazarus. The Epistle is the climax and the sum of St. John's analysis of a Passion which was then the new-found power in the world. It prescribed the treatment. The Gospel is, first of all, St. Luke's tender, harrowing tale of the sick man famished at the door of opulence; and again beneath this tale, a revelation that the disorder of society had spiritual causes reaching far out into the eternal world, and that its true healers had already been sent among them—"Let them hear them."

It is upon hearts full of these facts, and troubled at them, that the passion of healing comes. Although it would be unreasonable not to recognise the great gulf of difference fixed between a world which knew not and a world which knows the working of that passion, yet its perfect work has scarcely ever seemed much further off than to-day. Never have social conditions appealed in so acute a voice to

believers to trust and to apply their belief; seldom has their belief been so strangely censured as both inadequate because too perfect, and inapplicable because too elementary; yet seldom has the careless part of society seemed more alive to the probability that, failing known remedies, some remedy may administer itself, more dreaded than the disease.

If, then, the Epistle and Gospel of to-day were thus yoked together centuries ago in England to draw out a social principle, the development of things in England has only made them still more of a social Gospel and Epistle.

It is palpable that our Lord notes no vicious trait in the rich and nameless man—unnamed (the Greek Father keenly says) because the names of the rich are of so much less lasting significance than the names of sufferers. The last note of his soul in his lost estate seems the awakening of a truer nature amid the discipline of a world freed from delusions. That last trait, a pang of fear for others, is a pang evidently more possible for one who had just simply neglected others, not wilfully sacrificed their bodies or their souls to himself.

The absence of actual sins from the bold sketch makes the plain sense plainer. It is just a human contrast which Christ draws—dress and daintiness, sores and helplessness. Juxtaposition without contact; or contact without sympathy. The very wording of the earthly part of the story is a condemnation of that contrast, as of a contrast which ought not to exist. Then out of his own knowledge Christ adds, that if such contrasts are allowed, the consequences will be very far-reaching indeed in the prolonged biographies of the persons concerned.

But, apart from any motives drawn from the appalling

sequel, why *should* Dives have found the contrast unbearable? "Alterius spectare laborem" sweetened the sweetness of a not ignoble soul, "quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est."

However, Society has not generally taken that refreshing view of the Contrast. Society has been always feeling its way to solid reasons why Dives should care. In great times, to which the State was all in all, the individual was valued as profitable to the city. Pericles is well made to say that we ought to remember with gratitude even an unsatisfactory and characterless rank and file falling on the field, "because they served their country more by dying for her than ever they harmed her by their bad living." But if a man was quite as useless as Lazarus, the State could have no interest in him. May we not note here how that very word "Interest" witnesses to an expansion of men's feeling? It is now a strong word to describe the independent care or even delight taken in things. At first it concerned only the sense of advantage to be derived from them. Its force is so happily changed that we now might even speak of a disinterested interest—an interest in the newer sense divested of interest in the old selfish sense.

Aurelius looked beyond the State's interest in man. "A true conception of the one purpose of the world opens before him only, who often says to himself, 'I am a living member of the system of rational beings.' One who can only feel, 'I am a part of it,' does not yet love man from the heart. For him beneficence is but a propriety: he does not yet see how his own good is involved in it." Yet there lies little here of popular motive to exertion, little promise of the ministry to misery—even if the thought had been quite free from the old tang of selfishness.

Judaism found a real working power in the desire to be like the merciful Father, "who," says the Talmud, "opens the Pentateuch by clothing in skins the destitute Adam, and closes it by burying the lifeless prophet."

The Koran has its assurances of pardon and prosperity for the generous.

But to another lofty spirit—the spirit which developed no divine ideal, and invented no bribe—to the spirit of Gautama the contrast had ages before been unendurable. He knew that "abstinence and matted hair, nakedness and rough garment, could not save;" but he at least would not be found in the ranks of comfort. If want was the necessary lot of the masses, it should be the voluntary portion of their prince.

Of all these motives only one has effectively helped Lazarus. Not the good of the commonwealth, nor indignant sympathy, nor the prosperity of the generous. Nay, they have rather multiplied the swarms of mendicants, wherever these are the principles relied on.

And even the Hebrew principle admitted of being and needed to be something still raised and developed.

Is it certain that Christians realise how large a part of Christian thought and energy is absolutely due on Christian principles, and ought to be devoted, to social questions?

When, at his Consecration, each head of our own religious society has to answer this question: "Will you show yourself gentle and be merciful for Christ's sake to poor and needy people, and to all strangers destitute of help?" the gentleness he promises for Christ's sake is the tenderness of the whole Christian society. It is the pledge which the community exacts from one to whom it commits leadership.

When the old poverty of comparatively small populations grows with their growth into our tremendous problems of pauperism, of sanitation, of wages and labour, fierce competition of employers, desperate competition of employed; when the destitution of strangers assumes large proportions in foreign immigration—these immense changes emphasize the Bishop's answer, "I will so show myself, by God's help," as not conventional but essential—essential for the whole society then and there represented. That word, "for Christ's sake," stamps the question as "Non-conventional," meant to be as wide as Christendom and Christian doctrine.

It is to the full sense of the words a Promise of Love—a pledge that we will love. It assumes that we can love if we will. And we can. Love is not in us at least a spontaneous emotion. This Love is the exact converse of what we call Love when we mean the Passion which desires to appropriate its object to itself, whether money, or place, or honour, or person. That love is quenchable by enjoyment; this is capable only of increase, for this Love is a readiness of the Will for sacrifice, a devotedness certain never to say, "I have done as much sacrifice and felt as much interest as seems called for." Being matter of will, our Lord always calls this Love a commandment: "A new commandment I give you, that ye love one another;" "This is My commandment." And if St. John gives it a tenderer name, it is a name of the same complexion: "This is the message (the ἀγγελία) which we have heard of Him, that we love one another." Obedience to that message is an act of the Will. It is a willed and willing imparting of what one has and what one is. Emotions soon quicken round about that act; by habit and delight it grows

spontaneous. Well it may. Its first work, says St. John, is to reveal God Himself in us more brightly. There comes a grasp of His characteristic manifestation—an insight. "He that loveth not did not perceive God (*οὐκ ἔγνω τὸν Θεόν*)"—"did not perceive Him" even when he gave in his adherence to His cause in the world; "but every one that loveth perceiveth God."[1]

That is not all, he says. Love is more than a substitute for inadequate organs, for baffled sight. The man of Love becomes a reflex, a mirror of God. "No one has ever gazed on God (*τεθεᾶται*), but if we love, God abides within us (*ἐν ἡμῖν μένει*)."[2] They that love Him become instruments for letting the world see what He is. Their Self-surrender is no absorption; it gathers into a "spring of moral energy" within, and leaps back to light a shining stream of sacrifice.

These expressions are but the writing down in other words of St. John's distinct utterances and simple figures. If it is hard to receive them, it is because it is hard to determine on that act of will, and the Self-surrender is rare. But there have been lives in the past; we are sure there are hidden lives in the present—Cambridge herself has fostered lives and loved them very lately—which have realised that wonderful concluding word, "God's Love has been perfected in them."

One step onward, and St. John explains that these spiritual facts lie in the very nature of things, in the nature of God. The "God who abides in us"—what is He? Not an all-absorbing or an all-pervading self, but an all-imparting self.

"God is Beauty," said the Greek. "God is Strength,"

[1] 1 St. John iv. 7, 8. [2] 1 St. John iv. 12.

said the Roman. "God is Law," said the Jew. "God is Love," says the Disciple. That He limited the universe out of Himself, that He redeemed it out of Himself when it willed to stand apart from Him, that He imparts Himself unreservedly to it, and to us (for this He does if we believe), this in infiniteness, and this in minuteness, is the Self-revelation of God.

In the midst of the mystery, and the awe, and the introspection—nothing marks the oneness of our own diverse faculties more than this—that, with a touch which anywhere else we should not hesitate to call humour, St. John puts the test to the value of these lofty ideas—not to dissipate them, indeed, but to prove them.

In the pulpit or in the study, in the cathedral or in the oratory, the grand conviction touches many of us. "It came to this that the Son of God had for love to lay down His life for us—and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."[1] "Yes," St. John seems to say—"yes; but you will not be much called on to do that,—when things are settled. You will not be asked for your life—will you then give up something of your living? There is more call for that. All insight and all reverence, and heroic resolution (if need were) being assumed to be yours. Whoso hath the world's livelihood (*βίος*), and looks on his brother in want, and locks his compassions out of his reach—how is God's love immanent in him?"[2]

The barbed question is followed up by a glowing indignation—called for, it would seem, even in those days of the first love. Ah! "Little children of mine, do not let us be loving in word, nor even in tongue, but in deed and in truth."[3]

[1] 1 St. John iii. 16. [2] 1 St. John iii. 17. [3] 1 St. John iii. 18.

Not so much theory, not so much even of warm expression—but work, but reality.

This, then, is how the Epistle takes up the Gospel. This is why Dives must attend to Lazarus. Christ has brought a new light to bear on our minds, and the new light is bound to be a new form of force upon our will. Long ago the Great Contrast had revolted one and paralysed another, even if it was "nothing to some that passed by."

But when the hidden mystery of things becomes a history, when we are shown what God has done for us, what His heart is towards us, the Contrast is not a mere trial to our feelings, but an injustice which we are to look into, an upsetting of the equities of the world which we are to try to right.

"If God so loved us, *as now we know He did*, we owe it to love one another." It is a debt. That life was given, and given to us. There must be some obligations growing out of that utterly unearned increment. Love in its length, and breadth, and depth, and height has been given us, and still there are crowds of human creatures round us so unloved, and hence so unloving, that it is the so-called atheist's first question, "Can any God have created such misery as this? If He is God, how can He suffer it?"

Surely it must be to these that our Debt is to be discharged. Surely it is by our working that God will cease to permit the misery that He has not made.

Repay, redress, rebalance, we cannot by mere almsgiving for their good, however liberal. Noble almsdeeds have been often stirred up by the thought of Lazarus sinking till he is taken for almost a corpse by the street-dogs, and his very name appropriated to the most miserable class of all

mankind. But "this world's goods,"—"the life of this world (*βίος κοσμοῦ*)," of which St. John asks us to give him some,—"this world's life" is more than its spare moneys. Breath, light, space to be decent, and healthful food; order and peace and rest, and beautiful sights and sounds; knowledge and the power to care for it, time to consider, religion, and a belief that religion and worship are for the likes of them, and not a form of luxury;—these are regions of "the life of this world" which we inherit, but which have been fenced and walled from millions. These dearest and most precious gifts of God, with all the training and habits that appreciate and procure them, are part and parcel of that world-life which St. John asks us to share more equitably—on the ground that Christ has given us His whole self—Godhead, Manhood, and Kingdom.

The recognition of this breadth of interests which have been alienated for a time both from Christ and from the poor is a recognition characteristic of our University and College Missions and Houses. It no doubt will characterize those Brotherhoods which, with whatever restriction or with whatever freedom, are certain to arise in their time to grapple with that alienation. The Contrast as here realized was not a mere contrast between poverty and riches, but between the unstinted possession of and exclusion from all the better wealth of mind and feeling and sense. The Contrast between dockyard gates and our courts and libraries was less than the contrast between the subjects of our lectures, our books, our discussions, and their daily literature, their inane songs, and their hourly brawl. You were not satisfied that a poor Order of men, with their poor wives and pent-up families for sole companionship, few and far between, one to ten thousands, should be the only power

dedicated and deputed to love the poor. You have seen that the one hope of reclaiming these truly border tribes to manners, morals and Christ was to occupy strongholds of vigorous personal interest among them. When seventy years ago the labourers' cottages were swept away from so many great estates and royal parks, and labourers driven to what distant homes they could find, a deep severance ran in between classes and ranks, which for a time made an end of loyalty, neighbourliness, and mutual trust in many a country-side.

When London and the manufacturing cities surround themselves with smiling suburbs of comfortable houses among trees and gardens, mile upon mile, and the one condition of laying out the plots in endless variety is that workpeople and tradesmen, and their own outdoor servants shall not be housed among them or near them, but must make out their journey and their long work-day as they can, these happy people are doing on a greater scale what princes and nobles have given up doing, and they are storing up a wider bitterness. Meantime their own families grow up in the most fatal of ignorances—ignorance of the poor, and of their wants, and of their worth.

When we with the best intent are building, broad and high, castles of dwellings for artisans, we still are not working on the lines of nature and society. A Ptochopolis or even a Penetopolis will never be a Polis at all. Sanitation and accommodation, with even recreation added, are not all that the simplest society claims.

Society, to be society, must have society. It cannot be all of one grain. The simplest must have some little range of ranks. It must have some elements of inspiration from without it and from above it, in force sufficient to be felt.

Some loving spirits must go and dwell among them; some who will not hear of brutality being regarded as the natural law even of the lowest; who will begin by expecting of them, even as of others, soberness and honesty and care for the family, and through expecting patiently will create. These are the ἀρχηγοὶ of a new society; and there is no form of influence fuller of power, fuller it may be of trial, but also fuller of reward, and richer for the future.

What the few bear who already live thus, what discouragements, what broken pledges, what fallings back, what mad sounds by night, what sights by day, no novel and no visitor can describe. None know but they who live there. They themselves have told us so. And yet there are the elements of society. There is duty constantly scorning selfishness, suffering brutality rather than wrongly escape from it, working itself to death for the children rather than take them to the workhouse. There are sacrifices as strange as the sins that impose them. Again, there are ears that will hear, men and families that will advance their whole standard of life, under the influence of those whom they have seen loving them for nought.

Again, that promise of the Christian Bishop and Church is to be gentle to "strangers," "peregrini," "destitute of help," not to exceed the rich man's neglect by forbidding Lazarus so much as to be laid at the gate. Even on economic grounds, it seems questionable whether the immigration of destitute foreigners does not attract as much trade to our shores as it appropriates of our resources. But who can conceive what or how widely felt might be the effect produced first upon, and then through, that mixed multitude, as it sweeps past us, or surges to and fro among

us, if here it were made clear to them what is the effect of Christ's Church and Gospel on national habits in England.

Once more, St. John inferred by a somewhat singular argument that the apparently attractive doctrine of Love would be met with bitter opposition. For the acceptance of it (said he) had wrought the greatest moral change in Christians that they were conscious of. "In ourselves it has been a passing from death unto life, that we have come to love the brethren."[1] Can we, then, expect the world to accept it? without a conflict? "Marvel not if the world hate you."

But the world does not now hate those who love any one: in theory that conflict is now fought and won. The principle is admitted. Practical mountains may have yet to be moved, yet practice steadily advances. It is not for nothing that Love has been preached. It is no splendid conception doomed to failure. The "faith of it is a victory" already; "it overcame the world"[2] once for all; it is on its way to reconstitute.

When the multitude of impotent folk waited in the Five Cloisters for the troubling of the pool, man after man stepped down, and no man cared to lift one, the most helpless of all themselves, to the edge of the wave. "He lay long time in that case."

It is not so now. We thank God that most faces are turned on him to-day, that there are arms enough to bathe him in the Heaven-sent ripple of the waters. The first steps towards him are being taken.

Womanly order here and there with a forceful, tender strictness, has taken courts, and flats, and alleys in hand.

[1] 1 St. John iii. 14. [2] 1 St. John v. 3.

Quiet reading, spirited amusement, arts, applied science, discussion, find in grimiest quarters at least a few houses and halls in which there begins a steady elevation of tone and sense and spirit. Seats of education, the mess-room, the two Houses, the great houses of business, all send their small contingents of leaders and lieutenants, and, with a little backing, work visible changes. There is hope even in a politician's perception that the sufferers of to-day may be made a platform of some sort.

But of the unselfish workers, far the most part know that if their work is to be lasting then must one Foundation be laid in the living hearts that are built into it. They must believe themselves children of a living God: must know this to be a redeemed world, whose perfect freedom only lingers till it renders true service: till men know how God has loved them, and that "if God so loved them they owe it to Him to love one another."

THE CHURCH OF THE NEW WORLD.

DEEP CALLETH UNTO DEEP.

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St. Paul's, November 14, 1884, *at the Centenary of Bishop Seabury's Consecration.*

"Let the Lord, the God of the spirits of all flesh, set a man over the congregation . . . that the congregation of the Lord be not as sheep which have no shepherd."—NUMB. xxvii. 16, 17.

A WARRIOR-STATESMAN was the gift which the lawgiver prayed his God to give Israel. He besought Him as "God of the spirits of all flesh," because he knew how through the gift of a great man God touches man's spirit, wins the enthusiasm and the imagination and the firm resolve of multitudes to any enterprise He has in hand for them to execute. It was no warrior-prince of whom Christ was thinking when this text of the Old Testament recurred to His memory in all the pathos of its fulfilling. He too saw the multitudes and had compassion, yearned upon them, because they were "rent and tossed about"[1] as sheep that have no shepherd. What Moses dreaded for his people in the deserts, Christ found to be the case of His people amid their towns. And because He was God of the spirits of all flesh, He knew how many hard hearts as well as broken hearts, how many seemingly proud spirits as well as contrite ones, needed in reality to be gathered and comforted.

[1] Ἐσκυλένοι καὶ ἐῤῥιμμένοι, St. Matt. ix. 36.

And so, we read, "He called to Him His disciples and gave them authority." He gave His people shepherds and not warriors, spiritual men "to go out before them and to go in before them, and to lead them out, and to bring them in"—and "He gave them authority."

In general, it is strange to notice how the needs, sufferings, and aspirations of people, taken together in a mass, awaken little feeling, to speak of, in proportion to the interest we take in individuals. When multitudes are rich in power and prosperity and the self-will of combination, then we think little of the individual. The man or the woman, with his losses or her wrongs, his failure or her shame, must be crushed by the relentless onward tramp. Then the multitude is everything. But when the multitude itself suffers from faulty legislation, or from its own habits formed under that baleful influence, how difficult it has been to get their weight of misery or their darkness considered and planned for. The labour of thousands for wages that mock the work, the flinging of vilest temptations before them in heaps in their streets, the bestowal of relief in ways that make idleness a career, the ignorance and the idolatries of tribes and nations, are beheld without compassion enough to move any but the most self-denying to the rescue. And yet the sorrows of an individual, even his sentimental troubles, the agitations of his mind, will at the same moment have for us an absorbing interest. If by any personification we could only place before ourselves the Churches of America, England, Scotland, as they were a century ago and had then been for half a century, pleading, pausing, succouring, like three fair women distracted with anxiety, with inability, with forbidden sympathy, the tale of those times would leave few cheeks unwet. But because

they were merely multitudes, countries, Churches, in which thousands of minds and hearts throbbed and worked, their hopes, fears, and aspirations compose but a commonplace page of history.

I wish to turn that old page, full of interest, romance, intense life, and yet no tale of sentiment. It is an action of men, honourable men of the world. There is the firm urgency of just demands, a manly patience, and, one policy failing, the dignified adoption of another. There is unity of principle with the greatest change of mode. I am bidden to give expression to this, as a call to stronger sympathy, to more thankful faith, to harder-strung resolution. It is not for me to-day to argue, still less to criticize. We have to encourage to action those who are fully persuaded in their own minds: to whom the three Orders of ministry in the Church are Scriptural primitive essentials. For us the form of government, the authority, ministration, liturgy, teaching, sacraments, the canon of Scripture, the spiritual priesthood of the laity, our bulwark against Papacy, our anchor amid sects, are knit all together and indissolubly attached to one unbroken historic thread.

Anciently, the vital value of this thread to the life of the Church was understood so well that the model persecutor Decius, whose characteristic was "his knowledge and foresight on every subject," when he entered on his enterprise of suppressing the Church, published simply an edict against the Bishops.

For modern England, the whole thought of the practical life of the Church is so tied up to our triple ministry, that, whenever this Church of ours has lacked Episcopacy, in our colonies or on our Mission field, the work has languished. Wherever it is established the work both

spreads and deepens. This result may be ascribed (by those who will) to the mere fact that our organizations have received such an impress of Episcopacy that without it they are imperfect and so become unfruitful. There are other ways of accounting for it also, which (as I said) we need not discuss; but the fact is patent and its leading evident.

And now, on this Commemoration Day, may I tell the tale of what we commemorate? It will not take long; but seeing that some of our largest popular histories are innocent of the least mention of it, I would fain tell it over like some household memory at this gathering of the families.

Our great American colonies and states had, partly from their antecedents, partly by policies here, been kept until a century ago dependent for their Church government, as for other things, on England. Three thousand miles of ocean was a wide space between Christian flocks and their Bishops. Ordinations were only in England—at heavy cost—not without many perils. Confirmations were none. Ruling and direction such as we may imagine. Little by little the Church was drooping into decay. Indeed it was in captivity, in fragments. "Our scattered, wandering, and sinking Church" are the pathetic words in which they described their own condition. Some of the congregations had grown indifferent. Some of the political leaders were bitterly hostile. Fatal reminiscences made many religious people implacable.

Religious organization was employed not to promote religion, but to assail the Church. Let me illustrate from a contemporary letter the efforts, whose utter failure may comfort some failing spirit disposed to quail at what it fancies to be present "signs of the times." It refers to as much as thirty years before the date we speak of. "Even then it was

evident from the continued publications in the newspapers, and from the unity of all the jarring interests of Independents and Presbyterians, from Massachusetts to Georgia, under grand committees and synods, that some mischievous action was meditated against the Church." Many had laboured, many had suffered for the ever baffled hope of completing the truncated constitution of the Church. When at last the great severance came there were two voices from her Churchmen. One was of despair. "Now every hope is over, we can never inherit the succession of the fatherland. We must elect to ourselves men whom we can make titular nominal Bishops for good order's sake. The oil of Aaron must be done without; it is denied us for ever." The other cry invoked hope even against hope. They appealed yet again to the Bishops of England. "If you could not give us your succession before, when we were fellow-subjects, because British legislation had given you no enabling power on our behalf, then at least bestow it on us now as fellow-Christians, yes, fellow-Churchmen, whom no war can sever from unity in Christ, whom no statutes now afflict with disability." There was no answer. The moment is thus described by a contemporary with a not intemperate indignation. "I am at a loss to understand why considerations of a purely political kind should have had such enervating influence on the English Bishops as to render them passive spectators of the destitution of their American children." It seemed to some as if, half living flesh, half marble, like the stricken priests in the Arabian tale, we filled our chairs, feeling willing, but motionless. We know now how some hearts had long been beating high to help:[1]

[1] See the "Bishop of St. Andrew's Address" (Blackwood, 1884), p. 12. Archbishop Tenison died A.D. 1716, Bishop Lowth 1787.

how Tenison, Gibson, Butler, Sherlock, Secker, Terrick, Lowth, had given means and had given toil, had reasoned with men and prayed to God, how a Berkeley had sacrificed all that he had for the hope of obtaining pastors for them.

There are those who think it the point of honour with sons to "sling at their fathers and not miss." I pray rather that we may overcome some difficulties of our own, before which we stand halting, as fairly as they mastered theirs. Think of Statutes which tacitly precluded the imparting of our Church constitution to the children of our Church; immense legal ingenuity closing every avenue to independence; a throne foreign to our Church and only slowly growing amicable to her; memories which made the whole nation revolt from the thought of the Crown's exercising a dispensing power; cabinets which accounted the offices of the Church to be the cheapest bribes they could offer to the world, and thought it a feat of "wisdom" to have silenced Convocation. When we are so sure that we should not have been as our fathers, a few candid minutes spent in considering what has become of the leaden weights which oppressed them and who removed them, might leave us doubtful in another sense, doubtful whether we shall ever hereafter deserve such thanks as we owe to them.

When at last revolution might seem to have burst the bonds, there appeared a fresh illegality in duty and charity; to adapt the letter to the spirit of the service-book was impossible; the oath to the English Sovereign was essential to the consecration of a Bishop by Bishops. An episcopal Church seemed compelled to compel an episcopal Church to be Presbyterian. Say rather a crisis seemed at hand when prelates would once more have to choose between the law of man and the Gospel of Christ. I for one am

certain how such men would have chosen had it come to this. But once more in the Church's history God committed deliverance not to the strong but to the smallest and feeblest of all.

The third person of the drama, the Church once "of Scotland," was in the dust. Her Officers and her Offices lay under terrible disabilities. Legislation had recently attempted to annihilate even what a writer of the times properly called "her shattered remains."[1] She worshipped under penal statutes, the more insulting because no one would now have executed them. Still she could not emerge from back streets and upper floors. And the poor remnant of her Bishops, four in number, lived, driven into one diocese, in poverty and in piety.

Her very existence was a breach of law, like that of a Church of the first days under a humane emperor. Her holiest acts were offences; the more sacred the more criminal. She was asked to undertake what the Church of England was not strong enough to effect. And thus she answered in the person of one of her poor prelates: "Considering the great *depositum* committed to us, I do not see how we can account to our great Lord and Master if we neglect such an opportunity of promoting His truth and enlarging the borders of His Church."

So then, while the new States eyed Episcopacy with a suspicious hate that had its roots in the past, and believed it to be irreconcilable with the interests of a Republic, little knowing what strength it had lent to every form of government in its turn; while the idea of it seemed, alas! so lost in State-craft that even the Church of America

[1] Bishop Jolly, "Letter to Bishop Kemp; Documents issued by the Historical Club of the American Church," No. 19.

itself partly doubted for a while whether its Orders were certainly valid, as having been conferred without the consent of a State; while a proposal was being ventilated for a nominal Episcopacy created by lay and clerical votes; while our Lord Chancellor was instructing the House of Lords that the Episcopal clergy for other countries should be ordained by English and Irish prelates only—while such were the "counsels of princes," the feeble remnant in Scotland was quietly facing the crisis of the Church of the future. Humbly and peacefully, with knowledge of what they were doing, they laid their hands on the chosen man in an upper chamber, and imparted to the New World the gift of "a free, valid, and purely ecclesiastical Episcopacy." These were their own words, "free, valid, and purely ecclesiastical." It is no wonder that those ringing words sound again and again in the letters of that time, and that they were incorporated in the "beloved concordat" which ruled the relations of Scotland and America.

The man, too, was "worthy for whom they should do this." He has been characterized as "a simple, grand, conciliatory, uncompromising man."[1] His noble portrait answers to the double antithesis. The expression is gentle of features which have no slight stamp of the heroic. He had the courage of humility. He was honest, patient, ready to put himself out of sight if the cause could be better served by his being forgotten. The gifts which rouse personal enthusiasm seldom accompany so solid a nature. Yet we read (strangely as it sounds) that his preaching "to an amazing throng of people on the Atonement was so striking that it was almost impossible to restrain the audience from

[1] Chief Justice Shea.

loud shouts of approbation." Conciliation without compromise, the yielding unyielding presence of an elastic spring, never withdrawn, never rigid, is the image of his action. He had known what it was to suffer for his opinions and his courage. He had been seized by armed men, dragged some seventy miles, paraded through the streets, lain six weeks in gaol, his home pillaged, his children beaten, himself left destitute. No bitterness broke from him. Injustice strengthened his purpose and nourished his sweetness. "I am determined," he writes, on his return, "to stay here as long as I am permitted to discharge the duties of my Mission, whatever personal inconvenience it may subject me to. It is God's property to bring order out of confusion, good out of evil, and may His will be done."

"Nulla ecclesia sine episcopo" was the motto which he early placed under his shield, looking on the vastness of his country,[1] divining its grandeur, inspired with the sense of his Church's future, and certain that it was all in all for her that her *primitiæ* should be *primitivæ;* her first fruits like those of the first days.

The revenges of God are orderly and beautiful. They light on men and places with an exactitude we cannot mistake. Seabury's first sermon as Bishop in his own land was preached in the pulpit of Bishop Berkeley,[2] our own Confessor for the American Church. The State whose gaol inflicted his humiliation was Connecticut; he re-entered its chief city as its chief pastor and Father in God. But in

[1] "The union of the Church of England and the Episcopal Church of America . . . . must be of great advantage to the Church in America, and may also be so at some future period to the Church of England."—Bishop Seabury's Letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Feb. 27, 1784.

[2] At Newport.

deeper things than mere outward arresting signs we realise the presence and unity of God's purpose. Surely it was a great honour, a broad seal of His own, which was put on the Church of America for ever in these events by God, that she should have been turned back from the grand portals which were close to her and bidden to enter by so strait a gate on the wondrous inheritance of which but a small part even now is hers. What had hindered that the purposes of her first founders should be fulfilled? How was it she was not born to great endowments? Why not at least to her natural position of establishment with its great opportunities and great obligations? Why did not the full stream of the English Church flow in on her, and advance smooth and broad, evenly with the population and the institutions? It can surely have been only because the first mark of sonship in spiritual life is chastisement—because the mother of power is humility—because the yoke is borne in youth by all those whose manhood is free indeed. Is it possible that a really great Church should be able to enter into the secret of her apostleship without the searching, fiery disciplines which have seared with pain the whole frame of the Church, not only in her first days, but wherever she has made a new beginning, or reasserted herself in her purity? It is not for her to move on in the dauntless, heedless pride of nations born in a day. She must not be deceived into receiving kingdoms and the glory of them as a free gift. She must conquer them by some conformity to the Passion of her Lord. No surer token has any Church ever received that He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, than the Church of America, destined within a century to found her sixty-seven sees, received in being, against all anticipations or probabilities, constrained to

begin from the very beginning, stripped of essentials, and thankful to receive them from the least and most "suffering Church"[1] of the whole earth.

Church of America! Because the Lord loved thee, He humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, that He might prove thee. Lovingly, and according to thy strength, He laid His Cross upon thee. *In hoc signo vinces.*

And now there are three simple lessons which, it seems to me, the holy joyfulness of the chain of greetings from Woodbury to Aberdeen, and the sober splendours of this our solemn anniversary, lay upon the heart and memory of our Churches until the next centenary shall come round with perhaps wholly new lessons.

I. The first is Patience: Church patience; patience with God; the patience of a waiting spouse, growing more intensely His by reason of anxiety; less and less able to think of anything but His coming, and utterly sure of Him. To fast, to pray, to implore His presence, to watch for sound or token. But never, never to do that which it is His prerogative to do at His own time. Never to take what it is His to give.

There is something thrilling in the last quarter of the year 1784. Years of prayer and waiting had gone by; tears and suffering had been spent; and still there was no sign. And one great leader of religious feeling lost patience. He had set stagnant waters flowing in channels new and old. He had rekindled slumbering sparks of devotion. He had organized languor and torpor into life. For America how he had prayed and laboured. Church

[1] Dr. Berkeley, Beardsley's "Life of Seabury" (London: Hodges), p. 105.

order had been his first yearning, America his first field. How he had trusted that the English Church would give her Bishops, complete her structure and her powers. At last he would wait no longer. His own end could not be very distant. Was he to die and leave her still without a deacon, priest, or bishop of her own, without Consecrations, without the binding seal and stirring grace of Confirmation? No sooner had he answered that question in his own way by his own act than the clouds removed. What he did is well known. And he did it in that memorable year 1784, on the 2nd of September. On the 14th of November Seabury was consecrated.

After an interval of less than eleven weeks America possessed the "free, valid, and purely ecclesiastical supremacy" for which John Wesley prayed but for which he would not wait.

II. It is a lesson in being content with the essence, and despising the most desirable accompaniments, whenever true solutions of Church problems present themselves. It teaches us the true value to the Church of "the present difficulty," whatever it be. The supreme importance of solving it rightly and of waiting till some right solution comes, but also of accepting whatever legitimate solution becomes possible in God's providence, even though the accompaniments of it fall far short of what we hoped.

The most fruitful of thinkers tells us that his method was to set before himself with the utmost clearness the conditions of his problem—to hold them, as it were, in solution in his mind, and keep them constantly present to himself, and that then gradually light dawned. The wisdom of Churchmen in dealing with many Church problems is the same—to keep the conditions steadily before them

until light dawns. There were at that time two leading conditions. They had to continue the Church on the primitive model; they had to win men into Christ. There was the continuous building, construction, extension—"edification" St. Paul calls it—of the Church on the Apostolic plan only; no obliteration permissible. There was the conciliation of men through studying the spirit of the age, understanding it, reckoning with it.

We may not depart from the ancient ground plan, the vision shown in the Mount, or we shall find ourselves building a Babylon, not a Sion. We may not give up the "persuading of men," "the commending ourselves to all men," or we shall find ourselves building void sanctuaries and desolate cloisters. The American fathers looked to something beyond the establishing themselves in popular estimation at a time when English Churchmanship was on all sides thought incompatible with fresh forms of government. They would not please men at the cost of abandoning the catholic exemplar. They would not please themselves. They had longed to receive the institution they desired invested with the *prestige*, the deep grandeur, the solemnities of their mother Church. But, dear as those were to them (how dear let the Christian ballads of their Church Poet witness); dear as they were, it was not those which they desired, but the inner soul and core of the primæval rule. And this dwelt as well with poverty and the world's spite in an upper room as in the glorious gloom of a Westminster, or by the solidity of deep-founded thrones. It was poverty, it was confessorship, it was almost outlawry, which offered them the answer of God, and they took it with tears of joy. They were fain to seek God's kingdom in Christ's way, and presently all else was added to them.

III. The third lesson is that as the dawn we spoke of came, so it always must come, through the inherent power of high principles—a firm faith in the possibility of distinguishing better from worse, a fast hold of what has been committed to us, however scorned or attacked. It is not noisy proclamation which works. The leaven and the seed are the types of the kingdom. An intense force resides in any single living truth, held, spoken, lived in simplicity. In the quiet, unenthusiastic style of the time Archbishop Secker had years before described the need of more outspoken doctrine and fuller expression of Church thought. Some might smile at the extreme moderation of his tone; but it may be remembered that it was an age in which "enthusiasm" was the equivalent term for fanaticism: when young clergy were counselled not to dwell too much on the work of the Holy Spirit; and the town was placarded with terror of Rome because Bishop Porteus recommended that Good Friday should be observed. In 1760 then Secker writes—"It hath been a pretty general defect among us that we have not insisted sufficiently in our discourses on the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, nor enforced sufficiently our practical exhortations with peculiarly Christian motives. We [should] dwell oftener on the fallen condition of men, on the efficacy of faith, and the necessity of sanctifying grace."[1] Again, "no one hath more at heart the establishment of Bishops in America. Few persons, if any, have taken more pains to convince those on whom it depends of the need and usefulness of it. But the time for it is not yet come. God grant it may soon. . . . Dispose the laity to desire it." Truly no leaven was ever at work

[1] Archbishop Secker, "Letter to Dr. Smith," October 12, 1760, "Historical Documents" (7).

more noiselessly. But it did work. And because it was true seed, it mattered not that it was the least of seeds. Who would have believed that the faithful action of the Scottish Bishops on so small a scale would have been followed in eighteen months by the Act of Parliament[1] which gave in fullest measure all that had ever been desired, all that for high reasons of State the great ministers of Great Britain had again and again refused? So, when Cyprian in the unlawful assembly of his Bishops at Carthage quietly sketched the course they would adopt and then wait for the judgment of the "Lord Jesus Christ" upon it, "Who singly and alone" (said he) "hath the power to advance us in the governance of His Church, and pass judgment upon our action,"[2]—when he so said, Episcopacy was ready to take its place (nay, may it not be said to have taken its place already?) among the institutions of the Roman Empire. It had only now to be recognised. Every confiscation, every martyrdom only secured it a higher, firmer footing.

But, oh, brethren, it is not for Episcopacy's sake that we keep this festival together. That is, indeed, the heading of the one page we have turned to-day. But the glory of Catholic religion is, while giving full meaning and efficacy to every organic detail, still never to confuse the organs with the body or with the life. The organs are not the Church. The Church is not for the organs; but the organs for the Church and the Gospel, for the Christ of the Gospel

[1] "We should never have obtained the succession from England, had he (Bishop Seabury) or some other not have obtained it first from Scotland."—Mr. Parker of Boston, *ap.* Beardsley, p. 211.

[2] Sentt. Epp. Syn. Carth. sub Cyp. vii. "Cyprianus dixit," etc.

and of the Church. It is just because He is all in all to us; because He is not only above everything to us, but is in everything and everything in Him, that we are able to insist on the presence of His Divine power in all His institutions and all their operation.

One versed in human nature, one who can speak of his experience of men as ranging from the Canton to the Hudson's river, said the other day that what all his experience led him most to urge was "the belief in an attainable high standard of morality for all men." "Disbelief," he said,[1] "in that attainable high standard of morality was at the root of international hatreds and hostilities," "making men suspicious of their fellows." Where there is no faith in man there can be no faith in God. Where there is no love of God there is no love of souls. To us that faith in the attainable high morality of all men is simply faith in Christ. We believe that all men can have Him, and all in Him. The faith of Christ is no longer a progressive school of thought. The faith is already face to face with mankind in all lands. Within the Church, those evangelical teachings of which great Churchmen a hundred years ago spoke as nearly ignored have had free course. Doctrines yet closer to our Lord's own Person, the fulness with which His Incarnation charges all thoughts, all things, the abundance of His Atonement, His Resurrection-Life are (we have reason to know) closer to the hearts of men. His Presence grows more of a reality to many lives. History, criticism, science, have not been at work in vain. They have introduced higher intelligence, deeper reality into our grasp of doctrine. His Person and His present Life have a known felt power. Without the doctrine faith is not Christian faith, morals are but heathen

[1] Sir F. Goldsmid, Carlisle Church Congress, 1884.

morals. We know the worth and work not only of the old ethics, but of the old worships. But when their all was spent out, Christ came. It was the fulness of time. Time was ripe for Him, the world was ready, and we too have reached a crisis of history when the full, brimming Church is able to deal with every race, to pour the faith of Christ over the whole earth. It is the history of England and of America which reveals the prospect. Not their ecclesiastical history alone (although Seabury's successors are a hundred and thirty-nine, and the seven foreign bishoprics which depended on England have become seventy-five since our Queen began to reign), but the far wider aspects and preparations of their past. From what basis was England's place in the world of empire won? Once she called nothing her own but her situation only. Geographical position—she possessed nothing else. She literally fulfilled the boast of the ancient mathematician, "Give me a place to stand on and I will move the earth." She had a rock-pedestal in the world of waters and no more. But the history of America opens out in an age when continental areas, lately intractable for vastness, are by mere acceleration of movement endowed with all the facilities of smallness. The Atlantic and Pacific shores are not so far apart as once our own channels were. And to this add all things without limit—territory unlimited—nations born in an hour to people it—difficulties overwhelming, yet practically no limit to the resources which believing populations can devote to the Master's service.

Two dangers to religion might have been feared within. You might have been tempted to a selfish despair, "no hope of evangelizing such multitudes—therefore confine all work to home—be content to be a pure primitive sect. You might have been tempted with the temptation of the

multitude, "regard the corporate life only—the individualising of souls is not your vocation." The Divine instinct which moves you to covet those two titles, "The most missionary Church," "The Church of the poorest," saves and will save you from both temptations.

The "high attainable standard" then it is ours to advance. We are to believe that Christ is attainable for all souls, or rather that all souls are attainable by Christ. A crisis is ours to direct, such as time has never known before, and its very earthliest vehicle and means is a language and a view of politics which are fast girdling the globe. Gazing on the last hundred years, with their failures and their sins, yet seeing how His cause has kept advancing, not at mere even pace, but with accelerating velocity, and that at once in all directions, the mind fails in attempting to conceive what one more Christian century will have worked. When our times are left as far behind as Seabury's are now, may we be found to have secured a harvest in proportion to his!

Yet it ought to be so, for if he was "the man" whom "the Lord, the God of the spirits of all flesh, set up over His congregation, that the congregation of the Lord might not be as sheep having no shepherd," ours, on the other hand, is that Catholic Church which St. John saw ride multitudinous across the sky, conquering and to conquer.

This is that Church which long since unhorsed the spectres of superstition that had ridden side by side with them out of the dark of heathenism, and which has humbly striven to be true to Him whose name is the Word of God. Oh, for soldiers to muster thick and fast behind such Leader! We live at a moment when zeal and self-denial could do anything if they would come to the fore; when fiery men, hard men, who could suffer hardness, who would

equip themselves to a true measure of fitness, who would delight in wisdom and innocence, who would be content with food and raiment, could work miracles.

We dare not cease to utter the call, though our own call is so different a one. We abide here not for ease. But they would "pass like night from land to land." They would "have strange power of speech." Has it not been proved? They would teach their tale to ears willing and unwilling. They would leave the "high attainable standard" attained behind them as they passed. For Christ Himself would be given and be received. In all humility we say it. It cannot be vain on Seabury's Day to say it.

NEW-BORN CHURCHES.

NEW-BORN CHURCHES.

St. Bride's, Fleet Street, May 3, 1886, *to the Church Missionary Society.*

"The things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also."—2 TIM. ii. 2.

THIS is the law of Mission duty to Native Christians. But before we speak of it to-night, both the time of our gathering and the circumstances under which we meet claim a few words. Eastertide. The old Baptismal season of the Church of the first days. Now, week after week, in Scripture and in Collect, we go on remembering Him Who breathed on His saints and said, "Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them;" Who spoke not only of the flock, but of the other sheep not yet of this fold, whom He "*must*" bring into the one flock. We go on remembering "all those that are admitted into the fellowship of Christ's religion," and looking to "that Spirit of Truth who shall guide us into all the truth," and "believing Him also who came from the Father to the world," until at the end of the great forty days we receive the distinct charge "to make disciples and to baptize through all the world." All is conversion, forgiveness, recovery, reconciliation—all, in a word, is Missions; and Chrysostom tells how in his time the Church gave itself in these Easter weeks to the reading and preaching from the Acts of the Apostles.

The circumstances also under which we meet give our hearts special reasons for thankfulness that our Mission festivals are falling in the sunlight of the Resurrection.

We have lost so many leaders;—we should have lost them but for the Resurrection, which not only gives us them for ever afterwards, but affirms to us that we never do lose them at all. Not only "shall they live though they die," saith the Master, but "they shall never die." They still "are living unto Him." We must speak a word of them. The strong judgment, the faithful piety, and practical, unwearied devotion of our late President, the passion for humanity, the almost prophet-like enthusiasm of a Shaftesbury, were powers with which it is good to have been brought face to face in this Society. The learning and the power, the exact thought and the wide charity of a Trench; the beauty of spirit and penetrating influence of a Beresford; the refined, scholarly doctrinal delicacy of a Moberly; the childlike simplicity and manful steadfastness of a Woodford; the pioneering and the founding spirit of an Anderson—these are goodly gifts and names indeed to have passed in one year from the visible to the invisible Holy Place. But the roll is not ended. We have, like the ancient Church, our Confessors; faithful unto a death coming not by violence, but with the wearing and the weariness and the pain with which the extremes of climate bring men down—missionaries falling upon the field; among others, Bishop Poole, whose clear insight and large views, set forth so modestly in your great meeting, as well as the devotedness and self-surrender of his whole being, marked him out to enter on the difficulties and the great claims of Japan. Yet again we have those three martyr boys whose tortured patience turned their torturer into a Christian. Above all, we have

the unquenchable hopefulness and intrepidity of Bishop Hannington, sealed with prison-suffering, and with death. His was one of those bright, brave spirits to which success seems pledged. His was also that purpose which would not count death itself a bar to success. For his was that simple faith which committed both life and death to God, and then looked not back again. It calls now to us to turn the dread check into one of those victories which are doubly consecrated by the chieftain's blood.

The world of to-day is full of such visions. The whole air rings with calls. There is not one heathen land into which the way of Christ is not prepared or fast preparing. "The leprosy of Christianity is spreading," says a bitter heathen tongue. Gates barred for ages grate on their hinges opening unwillingly for us to enter. We have to put new armies into every field to take possession. And for these we want maintenance, wages, food, raiment. True it is that funds have increased so suddenly and so remarkably as to seem like a most immediate answer to prayer. But it is not less true that the imperious demands increase so suddenly, so *fiercely*, if I may say so, as to exceed all expectation and all provision. Resources doubtless will appear if it be God's will that the great advance, which all portends, should now be made. Perhaps it is for this time that there have been kept back the great reserves of all. What has been lately pointed out,[1] viz. that among the liberalities—and they are not few—of the greatest and the richest classes, that cause which in itself is grandest of all, and has the most active relations to their own future in the world, has had their

[1] See some curious and interesting statistics in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* for May, 1886, on "The Titled and the Wealthy: their Contributions to Foreign Missions."

least support. For in passing we may say that now is the moment in which it is being determined whether the vast democracies which everywhere in the Empire are forming shall be Christian or half heathen; appreciative of the institutions of the mother country, or brought up to view them as selfish and obstructive. And on the answer to that question stability depends for all we honour most. In these days we have a home England, an island England, still. But we have a continental England, an oceanic England.[1] Our stations, our ports of trade, our factories, our commerce, far more than our arms, have transferred to us nations and kingdoms, and regions waiting to be made into kingdoms and nations; nations hungering for our laws and our religion; regions which are peopling but slowly, if we consider either their vastness or our crowded multitudes. Upon these unequalled inheritances we entered at first (we confess it) with few save selfish and material conceptions. Quietly we are awaking to what it means to have such a proportion of humanity itself subjected to us, and so much more subject to our indirect influences. It is a question of imperial import, even if the solution is best left to individual execution, Are they to be Christian or heathen? and if Christian, how soon? Official reports are now attributing to the labours of missionaries, even in China, the attainment of "a higher intellectual level," improved methods and aims in "commerce," a perception of "a higher tone of morality in the last twenty years," and "greater solicitude among officials for the welfare of the people."[2] These are no slight elements contributed to "this world's good," out of

[1] See Professor Seeley, Preface to "Guide to Colonial and Indian Exhibition."

[2] Consul C. J. Gardner's Report, Newchang, March, 1885, App. ii.

the scant, stinted resources of the selfless missionary. They are important facts, also, as showing that there is no reason to believe that a trading nation is at a disadvantage (as some have feared) as regards the spreading of its religion. As in colonisation, so in evangelization also. The mutual regard, the fairness, the peaceful tendencies, which true merchants promote, all contribute towards the obtaining of a fair hearing, and a solid establishment. Everywhere, indeed, the changes which commerce has carried along with it are surer and more lasting than those of conquest; and that, even when conquest claimed, in the first instance, a monopoly of higher inspirations and more chivalrous instincts. We may think of this when some phenomena of the present day seem to grow too oppressive.

In thus speaking we speak truthfully; but in far lower tone than belongs to our high calling. We have spoken only of what our Lord calls "earthly things." The great stair which the Patriarch beheld, as night was falling, has its foot upon the earth in shadow; but it leads to the city of those whom he saw ascending and descending on it; and above it stands the Lord. He is the Christ to whom we and all the nations look—the great High Priest over the House of God—the Victim-Victor, who is abolishing both sin and death. The emigration and the commerce and the civilisation are indeed rich with absorbing interests, and the faith that helps them to their best, helps great things. Yet those great interests are but a part of the eternal purpose, the outward part; willing or unwilling, they are themselves rendering service to what is greater than their greatness. They have served that service often willingly, but they have served it also by opposition, nay, even by persecution. Men deem that the word and work of the

Crucified and the preaching of the Cross are one small section of the history of this world. We know that to be an inverted view. This world's history from first to last is but one passing scene of Eternal Existence, and of "that eternal purpose which God purposed in His Son." The Power of the Resurrection is assured to us, that *this* life may be seen by us in its true proportions. Vast as may be the interests and the import of this world's present life, yet its true interpretation, its real value, its saving principles, are worked out as yet only in that everlasting Gospel which we are commissioned to manifest to every creature. As this life, with all its hindrances, shortcomings, backslidings, is moving onward hour by hour to the eternal life, so the world, with all its freight and burden, is tending into that Church of God, and gradually being moulded into that Church of God which is the end of all creation. The history of the Universal Church, as it is forming and shaping itself, is varied, darkened, shadowed or lightened, by all that concerns the world which God is saving. As the world has its Church problems, so the Church is sure to have its world problems. Some of them have to be solved at once. And some of them are greater than that which most would believe to be the greatest crisis which could happen in our country. It would be a crisis here, indeed, if the temporal position of our Church (which, looked at historically, is our country itself) could be shaken. But crises may have to be faced or averted in other regions of our Church, which would attract less attention, and yet be endlessly more important, because the spiritual being of the Church, and not its mere place, would be affected by the solutions. Let me mention one or two examples.

(1) As Native Churches form and grow great, and yet

our countrymen, in ever-increasing numbers and wealth, continue to live side by side with those Native Christians, there will come—there are signs of it already—strong tendencies to form two Churches, one holding closely by the home formulas, the home ceremonial, the home jurisdictions; the other equally intelligently holding that the special treatment of the Gospel ideas which our formulas adopt is in part the consequence of our European history and of our insular independence; that our ceremonials are less expressive than warmer or more sentimental races demand; that our hold on doctrine is less refined, less penetrating, less sympathetic than our converts find easy and natural to themselves. These differences will strike deep, and they will be the deeper as our converts are more earnest and more spiritual. But they are differences which (like the primitive Pauline or Petrine or Apollonian supposed characteristics) rest on the character and on the point of view of the believer. And of such differences the Doctor of the Gentiles themselves writes that it was impossible they should be recognised in any organic form without assuming that there were two Christs or more, or that different moods needed different Saviours. Let no supposed policy, no ease of compromise which shall save us from sacrifice, lure us to a greater sacrifice than all—the sacrifice of perfect unity with our convert nations. Now for the first time is coming on the real searching trial of our "elasticity." The elasticity which we talk of at home is trivial in comparison. And we must remember that elasticity implies the absolute preservation of all that is essential to a substance. The growth, then, of great Churches in the greater England will involve the recognition that not every syllable of our formulas which is essential as against those who on our own

ground contend with us, is equally essential to the Catholic Faith at large. That not every word of our dearest liturgies can be as full of meaning to those who have not lived our theological life as it is to us. That for their liturgies of the future they may yet again fall back upon the primæval quarries out of which our own were hewn, but which contain magnificent stores that we never could appropriate as Easterns can. As to the officers of the Church, we already see that the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, with the wide range of ministries or "orders" which it recognises (some of them seemingly direct from Christ, without even apostolic intervention), gives a list that is more likely to work on those wide shores and wildernesses, than the simple triad of orders which suffices (though perhaps not quite suffices) for our settled compactness. Evangelists, readers, sub-deacons, catechists, have already been revived by pure necessity, and the "Liberty of Prophesying," by which the home sects have propagated themselves, will be absolutely conceded there to laymen accepted by the Church, whether with the individual responsibilities of the early Christian "prophet" so called, or with the corporate responsibilities of "preaching orders," or with both side by side. Only under a total misapprehension of the conditions of the problem, of the enormous multitudes, of the extreme diversities of customs, of the vast number of languages and races, can the idea be entertained that our own limited ministries will suffice to spread living Christianity even in India alone. Conversion will not remain a function of the clergy only. The converts must convert. They must be trained to make that first use of their conversion—orderly and yet enthusiastically. These are some kinds of elasticity which must be active

in many countries if the Church is to win the world to Christ.

(2) But, again, there are other suggested elasticities which the Church of the modern Mission will be more and more tempted to consider and presently to experiment upon. When we find ourselves among remote and darkling populations, working side by side with zealous Christian men devotedly preaching Christ in eager organizations not our own, the old sectarian animosities seem discreditable to all sides, and partly unaccountable as the old arena fades in the distance; the occasions which excited them pass into old-world narratives; the old definitions seem less worth contending for in detail. Somewhat of that process sets in which I have touched upon as being inevitable and necessary when we communicate truth without controversies to new races of thinkers.

Amalgamation with other Christian bodies is sure to be projected in those distant scenes sooner or later. And there is nothing on which Christian hope would more fondly fasten for the Church's future. But dares any one to think of a near future in this connection? There is common ground indeed. But has any one been able to point out a common ground large enough for any one body to be willing to accept as a whole sufficient ground for themselves to build their Churches on? Even if anywhere it is agreed to take to such common ground as can be found, and make it the basis of religious teaching for children, it is with the reservation that each body has its own teachings to add to them. But if Churches were to be amalgamated, such reservations would not be possible. Others may look with indifference at the body of spiritual doctrine which we inherit from the very earliest days, and which breathes to

us the true inner spirit of the Scripture; they may look with indifference on the historic continuity which binds us in one undying communion; they may not see the value of those things; but we do. And we should be making a grievous mistake, which would have to be recovered from with much distress, if we led any religious thinkers to believe that anywhere, under any circumstances, we could surrender or impair any portion of that inheritance, simply on the ground that there are still more central, or more "saving" truths. We know very well that we should be sacrificing the reality of unity to a deceptive form of it. No section of devout thinkers within our own Church has recognised more clearly than the great Evangelical leaders that there are distinct lines which it would be no charity, but the opposite of charity, to overpass. Let elasticity exert its wonderful energies to the utmost. It is an internal property of a complete organic structure. There is much within our outlines that might be far more elastic. But elasticity is not the destruction of outlines; it is the very law by which they are preserved. Elasticity is the very opposite of adhesiveness. From the moment that we were to enter into compacts with external teaching bodies we should be a prey to discussions, jealousies, critical reinspections, which would swallow up edification. From that moment there would be an end of growth and of expansion for ourselves, and of freedom for the Native Churches of our Missions. All would be rigid when once the terms were settled. All would be by the bond. For the very love of charity let us distinguish between false hopes and true ones—between flexibility and formlessness. If we are but faithful to our "great deposit," neither suffering our Church to be divided, nor seeking for it premature alliances

with those towards whom we yearn, who knows but that in the Native Churches themselves, never from the first entangled in our controversies, there may be found at last the very bond of the great reunion to come?

(3) There are other dangers to the Native Churches which we can perhaps help them to avoid. Those who have followed the action of both the American and the English Bishops in Japan, will have perceived with what skilful love they have kept their Mission purely religious, and roused in the native students a spiritual zeal for the conversion of their countrymen. But the speeches of enlightened sceptics among the ruling classes of that same Japan show how fast and how easily perhaps Christianity might come to be accepted as a merely civilising and political advance; and fatal would that be to spirituality. A warning of a different kind of danger is the pleasure which some were half disposed to feel in what we heard first of the Bramo-Somaj, as of a philosophic eclectic spontaneous choice of so much Christianity that more of its truth must ere long be desired and attained. And now already we hear that Christ has been deposed to a side place among the heroes of a new Pantheon. A Gospel embraced merely for its attractiveness, without discipline, and without sacrifice, wearing an intellectual crown, and not bearing the Cross, is no Gospel for humanity. Discipline of the most real kind is essential to the formation of new Churches. This is not the place to discuss what is the reason or significance of the modern absence of discipline from among ourselves. But among nearly all uncivilised tribes there are questions of discipline impending, such, for instance, as touch the marriages of polygamists, and so bear on the tenure of property, the descent of authority, and other grave ques-

tions. And then the stormy temperaments, or the marrowless yieldingness to pressure, or the inability to distinguish good from evil when under the spell of some impulse to us almost unintelligible, would leave new Churches, which had no discipline as to Holy Communion and congregational privileges, to welter like waterlogged hulks.

(4) And all this being so, how great is the temptation to save trouble and time by governing from home—or to impose from home rules so precise that a native council would be a mere registering body? But, while a great general from his office in the capital has before now, with his perfect maps and perfect information, directed a campaign, and even ruled a decisive battle, this is not possible when the campaign and the warfare are against fluctuating passions and ceaselessly varying grades of opinion, of feeling, or of party. Ruling must be real rule there. Yet it must itself be ruled and checked by perceptions scarcely possible except to those who can watch almost the faces of parties, and by a sympathy vibrating to all that is struggling after righteousness, however darkly; yet it must be animated by a decision that will not shrink from painful tasks. Such perceptions, sympathy, decision, are hardly possible to be produced in due proportion from another hemisphere. So long as that which is so difficult nevertheless remains necessary, it is cheering to the lovers of this Society to find the despatches of its Committee described by an impartial witness as "temperate and conciliatory," dictated by "no law of dominion over the Faith," though "suited to advise the inexperience of the young Native Churches." May it be ever so! And if it be objected that mistakes have been made in our past, is not all Church history almost a chronicle of mistakes and of recoveries? and can

any one say that the lessons of the past are not now being evidently read to some purpose? Bishop Butler, in the "Analogy,"[1] describes the foundation of the Church of Christ as intended "to be to mankind a standing memorial of religion, and invitation to it . . . over which He exercises an invisible government, by Himself and by His Spirit; over that part of it which is militant here, a government of discipline;" and I know not where I have seen a statement of the final aim of Missions, their activity and their self-effacement, more clear, or broad, or more fitted to the building up of such a Church, than that which opens our "Manual on the Organization of Native Churches." "The object of Missions is," it says, "the development of Native Churches, with a view to their ultimate settlement upon a self-supporting, self-governing, and self-extending system. When this has been effected, the Mission will have attained its *euthanasia*. All missionary agency can then be transferred *to the regions beyond*."

This willingness to labour and then to pass on, that other men may enter into his labours, is the glory of the true missionary. And with a true sagacity the Society points out to its own missionaries that it is in the power of any one of them who lacks that spirit to throw back its great work for a generation. Whilst every convert should be made to understand that his first duty to Christ must be to make Christ known (though the gifted ones only should be trained for the special office of teachers), still "the besetting temptation of every zealous missionary is to violate that simple principle, by becoming the chief [or almost the sole] teacher, and so overshadowing the mutual instruction."

[1] Part ii. c. v.

Even in our parishes, where the settled pastor of to-day really represents the ancient missionary, how such pastor multiplies his own force when he takes care to be the careful teacher of teachers and workers, instead of being afraid of allowing any one to stand between him and any single piece of work. The whole work, if it were to be really done, never could be compassed by one man in its range and in its detail, and he keeps willing workers all the day idle by vainly attempting it. The case is infinitely stronger in actual Mission work, while the missionary stage is still existent. That "besetting temptation" causes the mere paralysis of the zeal of the converts—a congenital, incurable paralysis.

What vast subjects have we left quite untouched—education, the nest of the world's religion; woman's work and teaching, which is blessedly revolutionising vast societies, not from the street or the market, but from the inner retirement of the home! Other principles as great, or greater, than those which we have just earnestly glanced at, have to be passed in silence. How magnificent are the interests even for this world which are swayed by you and your Society, giving, thinking, labouring, worshipping here in the heart of things, "continuing steadfast in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in the breaking of the bread, and the prayers"! If England is now no more merely an island-citadel of the temperate seas, but is what that mightiest Exhibition itself will but indicate in symbol and in specimen; if the real world-wide England is just awakening to a new cycle of life, young, and with its world before it, then what—ay, what—is the Church of England which will not only grapple, as men might, with the selfsame continents and races, to

work them good, but has also ever towering before her eyes, ever ready to answer to her knocking at its gates, "the powers of the world to come"? Henry Martyn, as he swept along the mighty rivers, saw in vision their wooded banks and swelling hills studded with Christian towers and spires. "That vision is yet for an appointed time. But it will come, and will not tarry." Not his Ganges only, but all the glorious empty land, will in its appointed time stand thick with the signs of Faith. It is not ours to raise them. We should work no deliverance if we could build them up everywhere in a moment. They must be the memorials of the new Faith of that very soil. But ours it is to prepare, to touch, to instruct the great popular hearts which are rich already with the promise, nay, which glow with the day-spring of a Christian era. The eighteen centuries which we have in faith called by that name are but a miniature, a rehearsal, a prelude.

And if you ask, Who is sufficient for these things? Who can exert the universal influence? Who can raise and mobilise the armies that would be needed to cope with the infinite spiritual conquest? Who can even pay their mere soldierly wage? The answer is, *You*, yourselves, you and yours, you only. In the empire of China, besides vast revenues which maintain its three great religions, sums are mentioned as spent upon the worship of ancestors which seem incredible. I dare not quote them, but it is certain that the whole amount which our own empire raises in response to constant urgency is very small in comparison.[1]

But it seems that in that great people, of whom common

[1] See "Monthly Paper of the Society of the Treasury of God," Toronto, November, 1885.

sense and special ideals are equally characteristic, it is very usual to devote a fifth, a quarter, and even more, of private incomes, both large and small, to the honour of their gods. And so it comes to pass also that long before more than a few of us have learnt the secret of their liberality, the Native Christians also of China, and no less of India and Japan, are offering of their substance to Christ according to their old proportions.

The secret is this: One of our clergy asked his heathen host how he managed his affairs so as to give such sums to the service of his religion, and he answered by telling him that the god whom he and his ancient family had chosen for themselves to invoke was called "the great bright god of self-restraint." All that they could spare as individuals and as a family went into the alms-chest of the "great bright god of self-restraint." The fifth part of their incomes went by that channel, and "yet," said he, "we are living in comfort, peace, and happiness." So it was that the "great bright god of self-restraint" became the banker and the paymaster for every high and noble purpose which a heathen man knew of.

Is not this a parable, and something closer than a parable? In days when (as Dr. Westcott writes) "ease and selfish pleasure are" regarded as "the obvious ends of exertion," and "luxury is an object of open competition,"[1] the very thought of Missions seems as if it could correct all this.

Vast the work, beyond speech or clear thought; infinite the reward. In its very beginnings we have something to learn from the scholars we begin upon, if it were no more than this—that the River of the world-wide, time-wide

[1] "Disciplined Life," pp. 22, 23.

Church, yea, all the "rivers of the floods thereof," have all to trickle up and well out, drop by drop, from the springs of the homes of England. Every gift hallowed by a prayer—rivers of gifts, rivers of prayers—so shall wisdom flow along with both gifts and prayers. And so with sound and even growth shall the nations grow into Churches even as we have grown ourselves—inseparable.

GROWING UNITY.

GROWING UNITY.

Truro Cathedral, November 3, 1887, *at its Consecration.*

"In due season we shall reap if we faint not."—GAL. vi. 9.

THE apostle is not putting off anxious, disappointed men with a smooth word. His "due season" is not like his judge's "convenient season"—due and convenient if it should happen so. So soon as harvest is due grain will ripen, and we shall reap. Yet what hopes wear out, how many hearts faint, how God's promise is accused of failing, when not only good men, but justice itself and enlightened policies go to the ground. Dismay comes back and back again, because men will expect to reap where they have scarcely sown.

One who had laboured a long, hard lifetime for the policy he had believed in, exclaimed on his bitter death-bed, "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile." He threw away his last moment of insight, because he had a quarrel with God. And his quarrel with God was because he had set his heart on reaping. He who sows as Christ sowed is content with sowing. The world's whole history is, in the greatest view, all one seed-time. Autumn lies beyond. If at present there is any reaping of either good or evil, this is but by the way; just enough to indicate that God is just and true;

an instalment only, often nothing but a token of what is to come.

Is there any great sowing which falls to this age of the Church to do, from which harvests will be reaped long after our work is over? If so, has this occasion any relation to that great sowing? The Psalm speaks of one "who goes on his way weeping and bearing good seed, who will come again with joy and bring his sheaves with him." This beautiful work of God among us to-day—the first such founded and built these eight long centuries, founded and built for centuries to come, which has received so much love and grown to many as dear as if it were a living thing, and been prayed for daily, and in the realised fellowship of many quiet days, not for what it is, but what it is to be, a pledge of growing unity, a seed of unity to come—have not blessings and answers to prayers for it been so abundant (we ask who know) ever since it began, that the most anxious and laborious cannot speak of even this early seed-time as a time of tears, as a time of anything but joy and vigour and visible growing? and still are we not sure that its harvests will in their seasons be a hundredfold of the seed sown? If so, this occasion must be parcel and part of some vast spiritual preparation which is being widely made for the future, and makes it greater far than its own greatness.

Again, then, let us think what is the great sowing which belongs to this age of the Church to do? Signs, nay voices, a general consent on every side, answer us. If we wish to prepare a future for our people and our children, we must make provision for an active, realised unity in the Church. The love and zeal for divisions is not what it was.

Far or near be it, the current of both thought and feeling sets towards reunions. But, if this is sense, we must avoid a common fancy. We cannot recur to the past for unity. External unity has not existed yet, except superficially. Unity is not the first scene, but the last triumph of Christianity and man. Christ Himself could not *create* unity in His Church. He could pray for it, and His prayer most movingly teaches us to work for it. On earth it is not a gift, but a growth. If any vision of it is granted us we must so work both in and towards what we have seen that "although it tarry, it may be for an appointed time," but rather still that "it may come and *not* tarry."

There seem to be three great lines on which we may prepare the way of unity, along which it will come in—the search for truth, the reality of worship, the lessons learnt from history.

"Unity through Truth" is an ancient motto. It is a sort of natural prophecy. It is contrary to the common judgment of our time. Unity through compromise—that is the new maxim. Unity by extending our list of non-essentials, and surrendering them as fast as we may. We are making such progress with this index, that, as if all our own difficulties were insignificant, we find ourselves already being counselled to recognise our unity with even other religions of the world. We, to whom the very name of religion means that there is a sinless Saviour, once made sin for sin, a visible Victor of death, whose very Flesh is the life of the world, are asked to leave the world in ignorance of Him, and label our religion as one among religions which have no religion in them. But, short of such incoherent dreams, what would be the end of this negative way of decreasing differences by defining non-essentials? The differences that remain

would be as obstinate as ever, unless we took a shorter method and defined as non-essential all the things we differ in. At present we agree—God be praised! in more things perhaps than we know. And surely the sound hope of unity lies in urging all men to seek and find what are realities; then to speak these, demonstrate these, live these. As we seek and use realities in science, in history, in philosophy, so also in morals and in the revelation of God. Then the non-essentials that are harmful become as if they had never been. No man revives proverbs about vacuum when we know the facts of gravitation. The harmless non-essentials are perhaps full of grace and beauty when they are seen in proportion. If all seek truth, not self, nor party, nor traditions as such, we have unity already in will. And even when we can see no next step clear, let us keep our faces longingly toward the light, daily deepening (as we know how) our knowledge. The yearning of multitudes is not in vain. After yearning comes impulse, volition, movement.

We said Worship was a second means towards unity. That it is an immediately felt means is one of the common-places of Christian literature. It found one of its most beautiful expressions from Augustine, and has lost no freshness since. The emotion of united worship; the thought of earth's unceasing incense of rising prayer as the dawn and dusk of every place each moment waken and each moment send to rest a new meridian; the range of worship from deeps of penitence to the divinest treasure of the communion of saints; the range of its forms, from the plainest simplicities, so dear to many, to the best earthly perfections of shape, of sound, of light; the vast varieties of race and character,

which worship makes one, from the Corinthian, the Roman Jew, the Egyptian hermit, to the Kentish King, the Indian chief, the Japanese noble; the same words and feelings, mighty to bring all, humble yet exalted, into God's presence; —even thus must the worship of this beautiful house be beautiful, and various, and profound. It must give the full and tender music of that Prayer-book, which—while missal and breviary have become the private devotions of priests, and other "exercises" are "engaged in" to die as they are delivered—is becoming the Prayer-book of the world. Not a month but brings it to me in some new language or dialect. Make you this house a fit and sober exponent of it, let it be followed up by simplest prayer-meetings, let it be followed up by wise divinity and deep, and this will be a house of prayer indeed.

But, further, I want to suggest one other point as to unity and worship. Are we sure we are right to look upon varieties of worship as necessarily marks of variance, on diversities of ritual as material differences? They ought rather to be thought of as so many renderings of one infinite theme, and all to be rejoiced in. How can such a theme be rendered without many forms of utterance, answering to the many harmonies which make up man? Every school of painting, every style of architecture, all the structures of languages, express each some special grace, or order, or deep perception. And ought not the worship of all mankind —with the Eternal God for its object—to express wider thoughts, and of necessity in more varied forms, than even those greatest renderings of nature? How widely did the worship which Augustine taught the English differ from that of our Celtic saints, and both from the forms of earlier ages, and both from our own. Yet we feel the immense

differences to be natural and right; we know that there must be such differences in the future. Have these simple facts no moral for the present?

A third way of unity must emerge from sincere recognition of the Divine Presence in History. All wisdom is tested by the experience of history—as to whether it is a real wisdom or whether it is a plausibility. You will never find extreme parties caring for history. The one thing they would agree to do would be to tear up its record. The anti-religious politician would exclude history also from education. The ultramontane would exclude it from being cross-examined. Yet happily both are making history meanwhile, both writing themselves down in it. Well may they hate it here in England. The one can but read that England was a Church before it was a State; the other that England never acquiesced in the foreign prelate. To these two facts we owe our worship, our freedom, our truthfulness —and all the prophecy of the future which our Cathedral this day opens. History is rich with prophecy. And now it is a prophecy of unity to come. The life of the race is as real as the life of the individual. We begin to see that the true value of the life of the individual is as an exemplification of, as a contribution to, the life of the race—that "no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself"—that the more Christ-like a man is the more ready he will be to be offered up, "to spend and to be spent upon the sacrifice of all," the more he will make society a new and a greater self to himself. We may not linger on so vast a subject. But if our Cathedral preaches and chants of unity through Truth, and through Worship, let us not forget that hourly it teaches History too—and that no crystallized or even

crystallizing history, but a living and growing history. The Church of Christ, as He Himself says, has grown from the smallest of seeds, and year by year it sheds fresh seeds upon the wind, which take root and grow where they light on rock or valley. This is one of them. It stands here to-day, and is what it is because of "the apostles' doctrine and fellowship," which it preserves, and to which through "the breaking of the bread and the prayers" it leads back without break. The Book of the Acts of the Apostles concludes so abruptly, or rather does not conclude at all, as though it were in order that, chapter by chapter, the life and work of the Church might continue it; and it is being written still. It stands and is what it is because the old Mission saints of Cornwall were part and power of those early times which developed cathedral life and work. It stands and is what it is because the Reformation saved the life of the past and renewed its youth by purifying it, and purified it by making its grand appeal to history.

Again, there are historical views of property and persons which were peculiarly the Church's own, and which through her action live still to the great strengthening of the community. The Church held that possessions in land carried with them not general obligations only, but special duties toward religion, and social functions. Territorial rank meant territorial work. The world has got rid of much of this. But the Church's benefices require each holder to labour—body and brain to labour—mind and heart to labour—for the parish or diocese to which it and he belong. The Church had, accordingly, her own view, which ensured this, of succession to property. Her property passes not from father to son, but from qualified worker to worker. At this very moment Church and State

are both bent on realising this ideal. Some other property once tended to this course—a course highly serviceable to the Commonwealth—and colleges and other corporations retain the characteristics of this view, founded as they were by the Church, or under her guidance. Her principal houses are called palaces still, not from any associations of private luxury with them, either anciently or now, but for the opposite reason—because, as the Church still understands the name, they were "open houses," houses which had special public duties attaching to them, where men were not to think of comfortableness, nor of cheapness for themselves, nor of permanence for their children, but where hospitality, and simplicity, and publicity, were appointed ordinances of the life in them. Again, the Church's view of poverty, and how it, and infancy, and old age should be cared for; and her view of wages for work, how they were bound to be not merely the very lowest competitive pittance which poor, starving creatures can be found to work for—the Church's view of education, that the supply was to precede the demand; of religion, that it was woe to a city or people not to teach it. These are historic views which we have never parted with, which we have seen scouted but not disproved, which, as we believe, are being illustrated now in every day's journals. It may be that the experience of certain theories, launched with a nation's revenues to propel them, is in not a few things reaffirming what was lately rejected as obsolete. If so, history is opening up some large possibilities of unity. I shall not presume to interpret or predict how near to that same unity spiritually-minded Nonconformity might draw; although it has holy men who seem to say they yearn as much as we for an end of strife. For it is not from over home lands only that the

historic Church sees mist rise and plains and mountains reappear. May she preserve the clear-sightedness of humility and the courage of carefulness amid such prospects! She sees how Roman unity has failed, imposing one pattern of all things from dogma to vestment; if failure it be to have rendered in the most glorious countries of Europe not herself only, but the name of Church, a byword among half the intelligent men. It is for the Anglican communion in the power of its own unity to rear on the earth colonial Churches, native Churches, national Churches (in some instances embracing many races) like herself, yet different—Churches which shall weave for Christ the local life, the natural genius, the hereditary sentiment, into the framework and setting of ritual, hymn, or article, as they have been interwoven in our own Nation-Church; and to be ready with tender, helpful, reverent hands to succour Churches which have felt the "ruins of time," yet are living witnesses to what was before the great usurpation.

It is difficult to conceive that any event could restrain the power committed to the English Church which for the past half century has worked such vast changes, and has before it still a thousand problems of the same kind as in the past, the solution of every one of which would be a contribution to this real unity. It would be wasting words to speak of such an interruption as he who speaks believes not to be impending—a greater break in history, a more irrational overthrow of politics, as opposed to party tactics, than the records of any civilised State can show—a mere disaster to thought, to learning, to the organization of life, to philanthropy, to liberty, and to speak of it at a time when signs point to the new establishing of Churches elsewhere. But a self-inflicted fear of it, timorous compromises made, such

concessions offered as by themselves would be felt to be unwise or cramping, unmotived except by the motive power of alarm, may easily have a more dangerous and mortal effect than the supposed effect ever could. For even an attempt to realise the event would recall failing heart and strength; but precipitate nervousness would, fragment by fragment, partition away both resources and reserves, and palsy our powers. A dishonoured, apologetic Church would be worse than an oppressed one. Strong enemies are better to us than weak friends. They show us our weak points.

Reforms, real, on true principles, we do not fear. We have courted them, planned them, laboured for them, and not seldom been denied them. But it is no Reformation which under attractive names would persuade our weaker spirits gradually to do what no force could—piece by piece disable and discrown our Mother. The signs of a true reform are always an advance of rational liberty, added strength in counsel, and an increase of resources. But there are always afloat friendly proposals under that name, which offer none of those substantial things: mere ventures to propitiate enmity, without considering that the front must always remain most exposed, however far we withdraw that front, and that to save positions of foremost service you cannot denude them of the resources of serviceableness. It may claim to be something better, but it is certainly something else than reform, which with utmost reverence of tone sweeps away the venerable, asks you to secure yourself a place in history by expunging the history of the past, and by stinting the future and using up the past to consult—economy. It reverses the first Emperor's boast, and leaves the Church

brick which it found marble. It would combine and realise on one devoted communion all the alleged inconveniences of establishment and all the evils of a disestablished Church.

Meantime the horizon glows with dawning work. As a Church we have with all energy to reinforce Dioceses which are part and parcel of our own Church. We have besides to stand by a sister Church which is as identified as we are with our State. We have to assert the honest claim to our own possessions; if it were to be denied, not to despair, but (while selfishness awaits its own doom through forces which it would not curb from injustice) to see what unselfishness can do to more than restore the years which the cankerworm had eaten. We have to secure to our courts Christian a more indisputably religious basis, but that we may deserve this right of ours, we must raise our own standard of reverence for the law and of obedience to it. We have to secure a firmer religious basis for education, but that this may be conceded, we must show by our own jealous use of catechizing, and of every hour allowed for religious instruction, what we mean by calling that subject "vital." We have to secure to pastorate and to patronage real safeguards against scandal; but that these may be granted from without, we from within must still extend the deepening sense of responsibility in exercising both.

More yet. You are never weary of saying that the discipline of the Church is weak. You say that governors ought to govern more strongly. Are you as earnest as you are right? Well, translate the word cathedral church literally, and you have the "throne church"—emblem and seat of jurisdiction. It declares the unity of your organiza-

tion. When men anciently made schisms it was said of them not only that they set up "altar against altar," but "throne against throne." You never say so now. You have weakened the thrones until you almost feel you would do well to strengthen them again. Yet, again, you fancy their strength would mean despotism. No. For when the thrones were strong the people were strong. The chief organizer of early Episcopacy told the people that they must take rule when the Bishop failed—that they must put away the faithless Bishop and seek another.

We have to found new organizations, new institutions, as populations spring and multiply. Let us really found; be founders in fact as well as in name—not re-divide and balance, mince and minimize, the portion our fathers gave, but, as the wealth of England grows and creates new classes, and turns fortunes over every year, let us do what our fathers did and meet new needs with our new powers. There is higher and harder work yet. We have to make the responsibility of wage-giving felt by those who hold certain classes of the poor in their grasp; to make fuller provision for the childhood, the old age, and the fresh start in life of the very poor. But the Church has also to induce many men of wealth to live simpler, less luxurious lives; to employ means, not to waste them; to know their calling as individuals, to lift those individual lives which struggle so to be lives at all, close beside them. We have to make home possible for the homeless, to shield the intolerably tempted, and to face the vice of every rank.

But before conscience will let us carry this through, we Christians have to purify ourselves even as our Christ is pure. We have to protect—our position in the world makes it imperative for us to protect—uncivilised continents against

civilised vice; to deliver the Gospel to every creature, to plant Apostolic Churches on every shore, and to renew the loving alliances with the nations which the Roman unity ended by disintegrating. These are a part of the works which await the Church's time—works for many brains and hands, many lives and deaths. And we have not now the troops and regiments for such campaigns; we stand shrinking from the vast Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods which alone can contest the field. We are afraid of the only competent means—even if they be most primitive—because Rome has once touched them. So long as that is our case, of course the spell of Rome is over us still. From other spiritual helps we turn, simply because other Christians find them helpful. Again, we complain of ourselves for want of enthusiasm, but as soon as an enthusiastic institution appears among us we are still more afraid, and we run for the fire-engines.

"*Respondete natalibus*" was the cry of Cyprian to the Church of Carthage—"Rise to your birthrights." How it would ring from his lips to-day if he saw the Bishop of an unbroken line, in presence of the Royalty of England, receive and offer his Church material and his Church spiritual in one offering before the King of kings, and knew all that is needed outside!

"*Respondete natalibus*," would not he echo the word to you—that old second Bishop of the newly united diocese—who, held by the hands of Edward the Confessor and Queen Edith, paced up the fresh-built cathedral church of Exeter and received it as their gift? Would he not say, rejoicing that the Church in Cornwall is her own again, "Rise to your birthright"—your English, Catholic, Apostolic, Christ-given birthright? Help, comfort, strengthen, revive,

found. As for enemies, it is far simpler to convert them than to conciliate them. By labour, by prayer, by love, you may convert. But by temporal tremblings you never will conciliate.

Men of Cornwall, you know what your Cathedral has to do with all this. These things *are* the Cathedral. In granite rock that will last through time, in height, in mystery, in light and colour, and shadows, and music enshrining mysteries invisible, the cathedral symbolizes and centres the calm, strong forces of the kingdom of God. Beneath these roofs, among these pillars, the forms of all those energies seem to gather and move restfully like angels. Stand then (we will say), with all thy promise about thee, new-born church. Thou art rich to-day in the beatitudes of poverty, of purity, of meekness. Stand till thou be made rich by riches of God's giving; till thy people see God; till thou inherit thy land. Poor, yet making many rich, stand that the worn, the dreary, the doubtful may have comfort of thee. Stand that labourers in difficult places may in plan and decision have comfort of thee. Stand, and in the name of thine own Mission-saint, Henry Martyn, move men to go forth from his baptistery to teach and to baptize.

Then He who caused thee to rise to the worship of His glory will provide the glorious worship within thee as He has provided thee—the stainless child of free gifts; not one coin wrung from superstition or oppression, yet rich in the countless bronze of the poor as in the gold and ornaments and furniture of the rich and of the faithful women. For thou art built in faith. Not first of self have thy people thought, and then of their faith. The place of the word and of sacraments, a home for prayer, counsel, mission; this thou art, first of all things,—a sanctuary; and the blessing of

faith will be thine. The Author and Finisher of the Faith is with thee. His death thy treasure and His life thy life. The people who founded the house for God first, will find God finish the house for them—a prophecy of their coming to that first and last sanctuary which the Lord built and not man.

In due season we shall reap—for He will not let us faint.

BOOK II.

CONCEIT AND HUMILITY.

CONCEIT AND HUMILITY.

Lichfield Cathedral, February 7, 1876.

"I say, through the grace of God given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith."—ROM. xii. 3.

ST. PAUL sets an exquisite example here to every preacher or moralist who shall ever presume to speak of humility. He dismisses from his advice on this head every assumption of authority. To affirm a legitimate authority is legitimate, and often effective. But it is out of place when Humility is to be counselled. And so the Apostle calls attention to the fact that it is only through the grace of God—in no character of his own either inherent or delegated to him—that he (even he) attempts to lay down so sweeping a rule. Not of myself nor of my apostleship (he seemed to say) is this rule born; it is conveyed to you from God through the channel of His grace.

But it is indeed a sweeping rule, a canon without one exemption, "a lordly law" as an ancient father called it.

"I say it to every man that is among you." The superior is not to surrender himself to the temptations of position. The inferior not to revenge himself by criticism.

The grace of God claims a right to be heard in regions where the Apostle will not make bold to speak. It regulates what seems to be our own, if anything can be,—our private thoughts about ourselves.

The lower or more vulgar manifestations of unbecoming thoughts about ourselves are familiar to every one. They are what we call, in their offensive guise, Conceit. The world with its merry shrewdness has affixed the name. Once the word meant any fine-drawn overstrained thought arrived at by forced combination of ideas dressed in affected phrase. Soon it was appropriated to the captivating persuasion of attributes of our own which we like to dwell on as it were with half-shut eyes like persons conscious of a satisfying aroma.

We may distinguish three shades of it; ordinary conceit, built up upon the accidental circumstances of life; self-conceit, or egotism, which ascribes, consciously or unconsciously, disproportionate interest to our own view of things; and, lastly, something of much finer woof than those,—a parasite whose fibres are nourished on nobler plants, and which flourishes but in a delicate air. That is a more fatal, interior, spiritual self-conceit, of which it is not too much to say that scarcely can the Apostles cast it out. This kind goeth not out but by the prayer and fasting of Christ.

1. The ordinary conceit, which is constructed out of some accidental circumstances or other of our lives, can in every life find enough to build on. Men's money, or how they came by it; their losses, and how they were incurred; the positions they expect, or the better circumstances they have seen; their confidential relations with the great, or their influence with the vulgar—all afford such opportunities

of self-appreciation as satirists have easily caught. No one is without a sphere in which he can breathe a little self-offered incense. Some ancestral reminiscence, however vapid or remote; the noble scene of the idleness which represented his education; a peculiarity, even a defect, in person, in mental powers, in power of application, furnish the conceited man with a topic with which all his acquaintance are familiar.

There is a short and easy method of extinguishing it, when a man becomes once aware of his weakness, or of the weakening effect it may have on some who look up to him. It is, boldly to tell out those other facts which would not promote vanity, which lie in the conscious breasts of boasters very close beside those that they parade, and which often raise in them the question, "How far would this or this, if known, militate against the opinion which I am raising of myself?" If there are no such background deductions, and yet the man feels with shame that vanity is his real queen, he had still better far bring in strangers to help him to dethrone her, than keep his neck beneath her yoke. Simplest experiences there are in every life (one fain hopes) as precious as those vanities are futile. You had better far tell your children and your friends how God had helped you "to be lowly in your own eyes," than let their remembrance of you be, when you are gone, that you "set much by yourself" because of things that were of no account.

2. Perhaps on a lower level than this lies the fault of egotism. I rate it lower because, whereas the former must be cured by the application of self-discipline, the world itself cures egotism. It is mere provincialism to detail symptoms of either your physical or your moral or your

spiritual constitution, except to those who are capable of advising you and whose advice you have a right to ask. The world does not tolerate your treating them as either questions of general interest, or as formulas for conveying the result of your experience. If your experience is not valuable when cast into an impersonal form; if, when you have divested it of the colouring of scene and sensation (which, however vivid to you, is flat to strangers), if your experience then amounts to some familiar triteness, then, colour as highly as you will, you cannot make the lesson of use to your equals. Our children, who have had no experience as yet, delight above all things in experiences so detailed, and early recollections are among the most useful influences imparted to them; but it is treating the world as children to give them in a personal form what if impersonal would be utterly worthless. Read the sagacious letter of a real man of business whether making inquiry or giving counsel. Its language parts with almost every personal pronoun, its constructions are impersonal and passive, because personality is not to the point. Nothing, indeed, is such delightful reading as a great man's personal memoirs in his letters to his friends; but why? Not because they are personal, but because he is great; they are great thoughts, great feelings, great ways, whether good or bad, and the personal element is needed to place novelties before us living and breathing. The universal interest in such spontaneous dramas is itself the best test of the poverty of egotism, which pompously or plaintively relates any man's any-day experience only when, and only because, it has touched this commonplace "Ego."

But, after all, if dull foibles and tiresome prattle were all the evidence of conceit that we could find in ordinary

lives, we might leave these to be amended by the increase of intercourse and the gradual permeation of good taste. It might be that mere words were even now carrying away our religious thoughts beyond wise limit. But it is not so if such phenomena are only the froth of a yeasty eddy which revolves unquietly in the darkness of the heart. It is not so if self-assertion and egotism are really thrown up from somewhere very deep down. It is not so if they "come of evil" quite as much as those casual violences of common speech on which our Lord sets that brand distinctly; not so if they spring from a bitter source which it is hard for grace itself to sweeten. Look at it thus: break up the question of how deep conceit penetrates us, in some such forms as these:—

1. What is your interpretation of your own adversity or prosperity (as the case may be) in the world? I do not put this question to irreligious persons, because of course they merely say, "I work hard and nevertheless things go hard with me. Perhaps the tide may turn. There is no reasonable account of these fluctuations." But an ordinary religious person does not speak so. He has a general indistinct yet real perception of providence. He does not know exactly how far it comes and goes. He thinks it ranges up and down. He finds a difficulty in pressing it into details, which seem to be easily alterable; but then every now and then comes providence with some sharp sting, or with some merciful deliverance, and he recognises its action in a detail as minute as heart could wish. Then time passes on again, and if the trial of ample means comes to him, does he recognise it as a trial? does he observe that he is now placed in circumstances more difficult than ever before? No, his very phrase for his new position

is, "Easy circumstances." Easy—easy, I suppose, to give account for, and he feels not unworthy of the affluence which surrounds him. But perhaps his engagements have taken a different bearing; something very like poverty is upon his track. Is there at once and always present to his mind an assurance (which is a commonplace in the Bible he reveres) that he is actually in a more favourable position in respect of his highest interests than he would be if he were moderately rich and prosperous? I declare, I believe that if a man were to say this of himself in cold blood, deliberately asserting that he had not the slightest wish to better his condition, or exchange the trials of poverty for the trials of riches, saying this not in a religious assembly and not on a sick-bed, the majority of his religious friends would tremble for his sanity. And yet in an earnest religious assembly, in the voices that are lifted up beneath these enduring arches, in a dying man's room, in reading the Bible with a child, or wherever else the soul is in contact with reality, such principles would be taken as correct, in place,—nay, as true and holy. The confusion in the mind of the poor old crone who pronounced "that God was very good, but that He sometimes did very dreadful things," is a mere lively transcript written in large hand of the timidly microscopic, but yet sole sentence which many people have written in their hearts about the doings of the Providence they believe in. They are sure that God is good and God is wise, yet in their hearts they do wonder regretfully that they themselves are not a little better provided for, or exempt from some trouble which they have not deserved. Well! that is what I mean by conceit in the spiritual part of our nature. The most dangerous compound of its ingredients bedded in the most easily

exploded material. Beloved, if you know anything of the mental education, anything of the moral home-training of your own children, you must know the immense difference made in their progress and development, the immense difference in their lovingness to you and in your fears or hopes for them,—whether by this you can get close to their interests and hearts or no; whether they do really, brightly, with a will, acquiesce and peacefully rest in all your ruling and ordering of their lives, or whether there is just the little want of closeness, the little want of oneness with you in *will* which, even if it makes nothing like punishment necessary, yet evinces that in much of its life the child has, even if it be an unconscious conviction, yet an unconquerable conceit latent that its own way is best for it, and to be taken if possible. What then if we are just this towards God, only in an infinitely stronger measure? What can He make of us for eternity, unless there is in us this unity of purpose with Him which makes us say, "The Father's will shall be reflected in the soul of me, His child"? Conceit, then, is, I think, often to be found very deeply inwardly affecting our view of God's own providence.

2. Then, secondly, it has a very injurious mental place in partially cultivated intellects, and affects their views on many important subjects. There is a very recognisable class of persons who trust their own notions about social rights and about religious truth much more than any authority of usage or deduction by argument. Do none know what it is to have a suspicion that things which rest too much on reasoning must be sophistical and erroneous? Is it not difficult for many persons to believe that there may be truths about common things which are difficult to prove, and very difficult for them to follow the

proof of? What such minds most incline to think will lead them right is their own "Tact," their own "Perception," their own "Insight." These powers they take to be native to themselves, to be accurate without cultivation, and better too than any reasoning. And then, of course, whatever deference they pay to other opinion is due only to leaders who similarly claim to judge of all things by the same refined power, and whose "Perceptions" conclusively leap all one way—which thing is likely enough, when popular opinion runs fast and strong the same way.

3. But there is no region which is at present more widely and markedly affected in individuals by unbounded confidence in self, than the domain of *religious opinion.* Large classes of people treat as an axiom the prevalent, but—I confess, to me—inexplicable assumption that *religious opinion per se* is a matter of indifference, and has not much visible effect on conduct. It would seem that this assumption is strictly an assumption; lacking proof from experience or reason, and held only by an act of will, a determination to believe it.

For if we look to the history of the past, we see that, on the contrary, there is nothing which has had such a tremendous effect on conduct, such a momentous power in history, as religious opinion; and why should we suppose it will have less power in the future?

Again, if we hold that assumption consistently, and accordingly actively contemn religious opinions at large, then that assumption itself—viz. that religious opinions are indifferent—is itself a religious opinion as wide-reaching as it is baseless; and we cannot but think that as a religious opinion it will, if held by a sufficient number of persons, be as operative in all its effects upon society as other very

sweeping, quite baseless, and widely entertained religious opinions have been.

Then there is the other possible case—and that is, that we may by an illogical combination, of which minds governed by self-will are quite capable, at once hold strong religious opinions of our own, and at the same time be quite indifferent, and hold that it is a matter quite indifferent, whether others are of the same religious opinions with ourselves or not. This again is not any more Christian than it is logical. If it is quite indifferent whether people hold all other religious opinions than your own, it is a simple subtraction sum which tells you that your own are equally indifferent and trivial, and not capable of comparison in importance with the great religious opinion that they matter not. And on the other hand, if your own opinions do matter, and are of consequence, it is unchristianly uncharitable not to care to bring them home to others. The two states of mind are logically contradictory: no one could even try to live in them except in a period of transition, and no one will wish to do so long. But meantime it is highly momentous to us which we adhere to, whether that which has infinite converging lines of thought, all pointing to one focus—God making for man that sacrifice which noblest man would fain (if he could) make for most miserable man, identifying self with him and raising him to Himself; or whether we will hold that other, which after all stops short only where St. Thomas stopped when he said, "The proof to my senses is to me the highest proof: my senses are to me the only matrix of knowledge, and as they cannot be convinced I will not believe."

Very deeply rooted then is this conceit of self in the

very heart of self. Twined in our habits, prevalent in our intellects, dominant in our spirits, determining our attitude towards God's Providence, and invalidating our very faith in our own Faith. And we, alas! dislike it most where it is least important, and overlook it where it may be mortal. But who can doubt that this at any rate is not a legitimate element, still less a legitimate influence in our character. Yet, again, how to separate it? How to extricate from its complications habit and head and heart and spirit? Oh! what pain it will be to draw out all these fibres that have so soothingly penetrated all my nature these many years. Ah! to put away such conceit! Well does St. Chrysostom call it "The wondrous sacrifice." Yet St. Paul is perfectly clear on the necessity. He says that "not to think of self more highly than we ought to think is the one absolute condition towards soundness of mind." Humility the condition of soundness, and what is more, the infallible introduction to a sound mind. This he states here in the turning point of this Epistle. When he is passing from dogmatics to ethics, when from the very highest spiritual teaching of revelation he proceeds to apply all to practice, this is the step. "Having heard all that God can, in this life, teach you, and being now ready to *live* what He has taught, you must first, of these old world delusions of yours, part with conceit. In order to have a sound mind you must put down the haughty mind."

You recollect how this was also the first step in Christ's own school of ethics or practice. "He opened His mouth and said 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.'"

And, lastly, let us observe that we need not be disappointed as if our Christianity had done *nothing* for us yet towards removing this conceit of spirit. I do not

doubt that any Christian man is by virtue of his very faith more humble already than he could possibly have been without it. But it is sure that the more we grow in faith the more we shall delight to substitute humility for conceit. St. Paul says we shall effect the change "according as God deals to every man the measure of faith." That is the exact fact. It is not from our first dogmatic faith, our acceptance of the creed, that humility springs at once full grown, but as we work that creed more and more into our life, as our faith in our Faith increases, so more and more shall we excel in humility.

To sum up, then: for our practical uses let us take three rules or patterns or ideals, which we must set up before ourselves, and swiftly as we can (for time flies swiftly) work on towards them.

Humility has these three grades. Self has these three stages of dying. The first step of humility, the first rejection of self, the first real advance in the sound mind which sees things as they really are, is—

When I so place myself, and my aims, and all that I count dear, in the presence of the will of God, that I could not for any or for every earthly thing break His commandment. To have this mind in us is necessary to eternal life.

The second step is made when I have so utterly placed myself free from care in the presence of God's Providence that I would not, if God's service and my salvation were equally safe in either case, make any choice at all for myself between riches and poverty, shame or honour, long life or short: and when I so utterly wish to do God's will that my sins of infirmity are a deeper grief to me than any worldly loss. This is a state of mind to

which I doubt not many of God's children do constantly attain.

The third, the highest step of humility, is this;—but oh! how unworthy are our lips to speak it when our lives are so blank a contradiction of it. And yet let us not turn our eyes from it; let us keep it before us as something which has been attained again and again by men and women like ourselves, and which yet may have its call for us.

The true, the utter putting down of every high thought which exalts itself against the bearing of our cross will be this—when with a true heart you can assure Him that, God's glory being equally served in either estate, you would prefer to be poor with Christ, prefer to be reproached with Christ, simply because it was the condition which He chose for you; aye and rather be thought "a fool for Christ" than wise and prudent with this world. Let no one either smile or sigh to think how far they are and ever will be from making such a choice. No one can tell what God's grace will call him to, nor how irresistible he will find that call, how mighty that grace. Only may we be faithful to the grace we have.

POPULAR AND UNPOPULAR SELFISHNESS.

POPULAR AND UNPOPULAR SELFISHNESS.

Lincoln Cathedral, Third Sunday in Lent, 1875.

"So long as thou doest well unto thyself, men will speak good of thee."—Ps. xlix. 18.

An observation which shows a clear appreciation of the world's most knowing arts, catching the ear in the midst of a strain so melancholy and foreboding as this psalm, has a touch of incongruity which startles as it is meant to do. A distinct, sharp statement to your face of the principles on which you avowedly live cannot but sound sarcastic when it comes from one who would not for all the world think and judge as you do. After reflection and experience, after having indulged a few follies and learnt to laugh at them, after having penetrated the secret of the failures and the successes you have witnessed, you accumulate some sensible maxims and acquire some excellent habits. You know that you are not easily taken in; you perceive shadows of difference in circumstances which superficially are alike; you see what disappointment awaits enthusiasm; you discern the flaw in the hopeful undertaking. You, on the other hand, mark some omens of success which are hid from rivals; you have struck out the lines which others rejected, and you push on with what many think unpromising. In short,

while there is nothing which would annoy you more than a tasteless recognition of the fact, you are conscious to yourself of shrewdness, of sagacity, of skill in manipulation: and the deference which twines gracefully about your opinion, and waits in men's eyes before you utter it, assures you that you do not overrate your own acuteness. "Yea," says the psalmist, "you have done well unto yourself, and men speak good of you" on that account.

But he introduces some disconcerting and painful considerations, which, if sagacity and shrewdness will take them into their calculations—and they are undoubted and undeniable facts—must, even unassisted by any higher or, as at present they call them, more imaginative views and feelings, cast a doubt on the certainty of their conclusions as to what is and what is not a worthy aim.

The considerations are very simple ones. Death is the first and death is the last. His inevitableness, the impossibility of making any compact which will exclude him from being the auditor of those laborious accounts; then the rapidity with which the most prudent adjustments are dissipated; the quick oblivion of your operations; then the thought of that vast charnel-house which the widespread soil becomes, and the herding somewhere out of sight of the spirits of mankind—these are the heads of the psalm.

Sum up these vast world-wide universal truths, which, as they overlie all history of men and man, remind you that you are unchangeably a man; not merely a tradesman, or an official, or a professional man, or a scholar, or an author, or a ruler, but a man.

Take but this inevitable fact of human death, and add whatever view of it you please to the self-applauded selfish

wisdom which the crowd thinks the best of gifts, and that cold infusion freezes all such wisdom into mere stolidity. Death sweeps the bright scene where men are speaking best of him who does best for himself, and the survivor erases the maxims of the world, and writes this in their place, "Man being in honour hath no understanding."

It is only a short-sighted wisdom, an incomplete wisdom, and so nearly a valueless wisdom, which has got no further than that clever selfishness which is not inconsistent with popularity; which, indeed, when in its perfection, achieves popularity without stint. Do not underrate its agreeableness. Clever it is.

Most selfishness forfeits popularity, and commonly popularity involves self-sacrifice. Selfishness which ensures popularity is surely a very talisman of wisdom. "Yes," says the psalmist, "there is nothing in the world—except the constitution of the *whole* world—which proves it to be folly."

Selfishness on the great scale has three principal appetites—ease, leisure, money. A man may like ease who also likes to have much time busily occupied, or who despises money. The three objects, however frequently combined, are separable. Money procures all the smaller indulgences of selfishness. But these three are large aims and often distinct. People who go in like downright wary hunters for any of these three more commonly than not reap their reward, and they are envied and are often respected. They are by common consent allowed to trample upon the cravings that other men have for their attention. It is recognised that they are in pursuit of objects which will not allow of their bestowing time or thought on extraneous affairs. The man absorbed in business, the virtuoso, the man of keen enjoyments, are

not intruded upon or criticized harshly; they are admired for their singleness of aim. They do well unto themselves, and are well thought of because they do it so well.

Again, a more amiable form, and so a more subtle one, of selfishness, animates persons to whose happiness it is essential that they should be in the good graces of many. The bestowal of gratifications, especially such as imply command of money, or time at disposal, is agreeable in itself to natures which are not the lowest; and this, too, brings its reward. It is not compatible with the earnest pursuit of leisure, ease, or money, but it reaps even more social regard.

"Men will speak good of thee so long as thou doest well unto thyself" upon any of these outlines. Determine that you will make money; determine that your leisure shall not be broken in upon, that you will spend liberally upon your enjoyments, that you will earn popularity; and people will stand out of your way and approve of your spirit. They will tolerate vast assumptions, they will make ample concessions to any one who is genuinely and uncompromisingly selfish.

For it is not in the heart of this world to reprove them. This world is their portion and their dominion. It is only when "their beauty consumes in the sepulchre out of their dwelling," that with a thrill we think, "Perhaps they did not choose well or wisely after all."

But is not selfishness odious even to the world? Yes; only what the world will not tolerate is a different composition of selfishness—a temptation more common and more destructive of joy, a composition of the same elements; and so a fair exhibition of their ugliness, but recognised by all as ugly. Not successful in gratifying itself,

not in winning others. It is thus produced. We toil on through life in a spirit of compromise. We have yearned for regard and affection. Self-sacrifice has not entered into our scheme except within that narrow circle which to men with even narrowest hearts is their better self. We think still that we have deserved regard more widely, yet in no satisfying measure have we ever received it; kindness has often approached us, but ere we tasted it, it has wheeled off into space. We have become vexed with the changefulness of men; we can reckon, we say, on nothing but their inconsistency. We suffer a certain weariness of the world, or we should do if we had not come to hold it too cheap to be weary of it. Its intercourse is no longer an object with us. Tiredness of the company into which our business throws us, dissatisfaction with things in general, possesses us. An assurance that all the aims of parties are misconceived, and all their efforts futile, and all integrity questionable, grows on us. Yet while these gloomy opinions are closing over us, are we perfectly free from uneasiness as to whether they are not a shadow cast from something in our own life? How far have the unpleasant lessons which have taught us these things been the result of wounded self-esteem? For we may assume that such opinions about the world are not the conclusions drawn from pleasant lessons or sunny experiences.

The worldly wisdom of success rarely "writes bitter things against" the world. It is not a monody of disparagement, nor a dictionary of taunting proverbs. These are the revenges of disappointment. This is the philosophy of the courtier who is sent to moralise in the woods, whom the great dramatist impersonates in his "banished lord."

Yes; this tang of bitterness rises from the lees of a life

that has had its very harsh admixtures. And however much we feel that we maintain our own high opinion of ourselves, our unkindly sentiments as a rule witness against ourselves that there has been in our tone something which the world did not tolerate—something which the world as represented by the general mass of persons whom we have had to do with—did not tolerate, and has made us sharply suffer for. And that something is selfishness, not of the genial, self-glorifying kind, but still an ever-busy selfishness.

If this be a truth, it is to none of us a welcome one; but if we are earnest about our souls, it is an eminently practical one. Let me restate it. I mean that much of our sagacious censure of motive and anticipation of intentional impediments to goodness represents feeling embittered by thwartings experienced by our selfishness.

Take the instance of a person who begins by wishing to stand well with everybody—one who has a real desire for popularity and influence, without the power or disposition to bestow gratification all round him. What means has he, then, at his disposal for the purpose? I know only two or three—assent more or less lively which ripens into flattery, and also into sympathy with depreciation of others; uncostly acts of good nature; an avoidance of expressing fixed principles, which leads to an avoidance of forming or possessing them. And there is the adoption of popular opinions into one's talk, without running the risk of putting them into action.

But selfishness at work with these instruments, however ingeniously, cannot please all, and in some quarter or other there must arise against it a contemptuous opinion, or an infinitely growing ill will. Self-love trampled on gives wonderful clearness of perception as to the weak

points of the trampler. Our selfish aims are much more transparent to all the world than to ourselves. They make no such allowances for the selfish client as they do for the selfish patron. But further, this character is frequently combined with the disposition to make small gains—I do not mean of money only, but of leisure, of ease; small gains in the way of slight acquaintance with great people or eminent people; small gains in the way of using others as a convenience, yet endeavouring to make them feel your use of them as a favour or as a mark of friendship; and then comes that fatal habit of acting from one motive and mentioning another; narrating your conduct in a major key, while you are conscious of a minor strain within.

Then, lastly, there is the desire which our Lord calls the love of uppermost rooms at feasts, speaking with keen scorn of the weakness which tried to rank as strength in His own day. The love of prominence when all things go pleasantly. The aspiration for position as a thing distinct from greater responsibility and more perplexing work. Phylacteries, deep fringes, sweeping robes, are Christ's symbols of vanity. If within us there lurks the least tendency to combine such care about our own impressiveness with and in our deeper religiousness, we may remember that, easily as those uppermost rooms are accorded to genial self-seekers who boldly do well unto themselves and are "successes" in the world, "despising others," we cannot be as they. The world loves his own; and we have begun to part with the world; and their dignity and their condescension alike sit uneasily on those who search their own hearts, and tell themselves that after all humility is a virtue. Oh, it is very moving and pathetic to watch the attempt to force together thoughts, deeds, so unlike each other! If we regard the combination,

we shall continually find that at some unlucky moment the craving for affection or the insight of self-knowledge sweeps with searching eagerness over the rank blossoms of self-assertion, and leaves them in the corruption of self-contempt.

But in that bracing healthy air of self-knowledge humility rejoices; humility which makes us feel bound to form careful opinions, indeed, on many points, yet preserves us from all sullenness, all woundedness, if our opinion is not asked, or when sought is set aside. Neither must we think that this is any very high attainment in religion. It is, indeed, prior to the religion of faith. Any sensible intermingling with the business of life teaches us that we ought to take trouble to have opinions, and nevertheless must learn to yield. Lessons of this kind are what Christ incul cated in the Sermon on the Mount, as mere elements of sound character, before He teaches any mystery of faith or warmth of love. It is the intertexture of vanity and self-assertion with faith, which makes the religious position of the Pharisees so desperate in the unerring judgment: "All that they teach, observe and do: but do not ye after their works . . . they shall receive greater damnation.

And so, too, in the psalm of our text. It is no revelation with which this man, who has "inclined his ear to the parable," refutes the shallow wisdom of achieving a reputation by "doing well to yourself," clever though that double success may seem. "The dark speech," which he says "he will show us upon his harp," is nothing but the dark tale of death. That is a sufficient answer to all these weavings of *finesse*, all these unchallenged assumptions, all these self-congratulations. "They lie in the pit like pest-stricken sheep." "Look at the grave" is the ancient Harper's text and comment.

But, beloved brethren, it is not sufficient for us. The sons of men cannot take that for an answer and be silent. "If Death is to turn all into vanity," half the live earth would say, "let it at least be a merry vanity, a warm, rich vanity while it lasts. Keep Death at arm's length while you can; do not let him chill life before his hour strikes." It is not death we present as the solution of riddles, not death as the motive of motives against selfishness. No; we will speak of true life—unshadowy life, life eternal.

That we must lose what we love may not make us love it less. We shall not prize it less, if, within the perishable, we behold the immortal. And what if we understand that the loss of that immortal is bound up in a false-hearted clutch at the perishable? Even if this were all—even if eternal life meant no more than that all causes have effects, and that we shall never die—what, then, would become of selfishness and vanity, of honour gained by self-honour? It would be wholly despised.

But this is not all. Dear people, it is not the hundred-thousandth part of all. Eternal life does not mean that I shall not die, in any sense which I understand. I cannot explain it. But there is no difficulty in being simple and true in the statement of it. Eternal life is Christ in us, and Christ in God. We can see Christ with the eye of our soul. And he that sees Christ sees Him that sent Christ. And he dwells in Christ, and Christ in him. And he that is in Christ is in the Father; and the Father will come unto him and make His abode in him. Think, dear people, the infinite God abiding in us through Christ!

We are often sorry—are we not?—that great motives and sound reasons affect our conduct so little. We are convinced of a truth. Yet we behave as if we had never heard

of it, and the inconsistency between our belief and our lives is a puzzle even to ourselves. The thought of death ought to be the death of selfish vanities; and yet it is not. The assurance of immortality and prolonged existence ought to make us rate very cheaply what will be so soon over and so soon forgotten, and yet it does not. But there is one argument which will not fail, one power which will subdue all others, one certainty which, once admitted, will give to all other facts and truths and objects their real bearing. Open the soul wide to Christ. Pray to the Father to take possession of your will; attain but strength enough to desire that; make that surrender, and you will find you have admitted a principle which will not surprise you by being silent when you expect it to speak, or motionless when action is required, or ineffective when it moves. If that Eternal Life, which is Christ Himself, lives in you, is it conceivable that you should live any longer to the praise of men? still more, that you should achieve that praise by any prominence given to self? No! The first dawn of new life lightens this word: "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Call Christ to you. Beg Him to live in you—living power in living soul. Try to make your will His will; and then all selfishness will begin to die in you, both that selfishness which the world contemns and that which the world glorifies. It must be so. For selfishness is death—death with the world that it belongs to; and Christ is life, and the final glory of life is to swallow up death, and death's works in victory.

PERSEVERANCE.

PERSEVERANCE.

Lincoln Cathedral, Second Sunday in Advent, 1875.

"They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil."—MATT. xxv. 3.

THERE is a good example of how we ought to hold close to the very words of Scripture, and how we ought not to hold close to the very words, in the stating of this parable; a good instance, I mean, of how Christ and His various authors assume that they will have intelligent readers and sensible audiences; neither a purblind peering reader who can see only letter by letter, nor a flighty audience which is prepared to say what is meant before it has heard what is said.

The parable begins, "*Then shall* the kingdom of heaven be likened." *This* likeness will come out *then*, at the time which He was already speaking about. Which time was *then*, when He who was speaking said He would come back, after a very long parting, to conclude His own espousals with exalted, saved humanity.

When He was warning Peter of the destructive effects of egotism, He said, "The kingdom of heaven *is* like" (Matt. xx. 1).

When He was describing God's original scheme of saving man by immediate invitation to His presence in the marriage-feast, He said, "The kingdom *was* likened" (Matt. xxii. 2), in God's foreknowledge.

We must not here, then, neglect to observe that the closing of the door in the faces of the foolish is not here said to happen *before* Christ's Advent.

We must also notice where we are not to press the words. The words say, "The kingdom shall be likened to ten virgins." But it is not merely like the five wise and five foolish maids, but like all that happens to them. The Bridegroom Himself, the palace, and the darkness of the night, the Bride the centre of all, though unmentioned, all are figures essential to the depicting of the kingdom.

It is not only words that we must not press; we must not press ideas beyond what they can fairly carry. We must not confuse the picture by imagining that every touch of the painter's brush must represent a separate object. They are essential to the effect; but if we determine to see in each paint-flake a figure or symbol, then right way up or wrong way, sideways or some way, we may conjure one out of it, but only as we see landscapes in a frost-pane, or faces in a fire.

It is in this sort of way that we have it explained to us that the two pence of the good Samaritan are two sacraments or two testaments. On the contrary, if we understand the usage of similitudes, and read with a masculine judgment, it is no puzzle that the man without the wedding-garment should, as an individual among individual guests, be one member of the whole Church; whereas, at the same time, if every single idea of a parable-tale has its fixed corresponding reality, it must be the Bride of the marriage-feast of the King's Son who is herself the Church; we understand what the style *must* require. But if (only because the thing illustrated is divine) we will hammer and mould and twist and force every detail into a doctrine, symbolism becomes

impossible for us; and a good master who had such matter-of-fact scholars would confine himself to the question and answer of a "scientific dialogue" till he had opened their minds. People who work in this vein do not know what they are about. They may develop a heresy out of the garniture of every divine truth. Mines of Calvinism and Pelagianism too lie unexploded in the simple parable of the Sower for any one who would like to insist on accounting for the unpreparedness of the rocky or trodden ground, or for the virtues of the naturally good soil.

In this present parable of the Ten Virgins the controversy as to what was represented by the oil has been nothing short of a war of Churches. Protestants have been as violently calm in their assurance that it could mean nothing but faith, as Rome has been that it was the burning oil of charity. But if we take the story, we see that while the fault was that the oil ran short, the moral which Christ draws from it is, "*Watch therefore;* for you don't know how long you may have to watch. Make all arrangements for watching." It is not the nature of the oil, any more than of the wick of the lamp, that enters into the idea.

It is insufficiency, deficiency, improvidence, early exhaustion, which brings them into trouble; and Christ's prose translation of the tale is, "Keep awake."

It is not either faith or love that He enjoins. If we want an abstract term, it is "Perseverance."

See how the Master does not suffer Himself to be bound by the chain of His own metaphor. "Watch therefore! Keep awake therefore!" is what He says He means us to learn by the example of the Five Prudent Maidens. But we are not to learn that from the literal, mechanical adjusting bit by bit of their conduct to piece by piece of

our own duty. For keeping awake was what none of them did. The drowsy eyelids of the prudent were weighed down like those of the careless: "They all slumbered and slept;" or, if you are not above taking the very words of the Master, "They nodded one and all, and went to sleep."

No! The lesson of "watching" which He says is the point of His meaning, is not to be drawn from any literal wakefulness in these actors. It was essential to the action that the voice should be an awakening voice, heard in the dead deep of night, when the busy brains were composed and all limbs had lost their spring. The watchfulness which perseveres is represented with truer poetry by a figure which *is* a figure, not a mere identical name; that is, by the lamp which burns steady and bright all through till midnight, and at midnight has store enough of oil to last and help the very dawn to scatter the shadows.

If we do not see that; if we do not recognise the truer genius in this really symbolic treatment of a truth; if we do not feel that the God in Christ must speak best to men when He speaks the language of men's highest art, and not in the mere dot-for-dot of a minor fabulist,—we had better give up the Prophets, and St. Paul, and St. John, and all the Gospels, and compile a small collection of precepts.

Before I advance to the special force and meaning of all, viz. to what *watching* is, and to *why we want* it, so far as (according to a most inadequate conception of realities) I can understand the subject, and with one prayer that we may understand as much of it as our powers admit;—before we come to that, there are two disconnected side-points I will beg to notice.

1. That faith or love, being both, to begin with, *gifts*, are

sometimes sudden gifts, but at any rate always *gifts*, of God, or of the Bridegroom.

The adaptation to these of the *oil* in the parable would have required that the destitute ones should petition for fresh supplies from the Bridegroom. What sellers could they go to? What vendors, what dealers, are there in heaven or earth, what angels or saints, to whom wise virgins could bid their poor stricken sisters go to buy of them faith or love? What coin could purchase it?

But perseverance—that is well; for we see that it is a quality only to be had by taking trouble. It is the result of taking trouble constantly; it is no gift. You must purchase it with work and outlay, and if you find at any time you have it not, you can only begin to get it as you should have done at first.

2. The second side-point rises on the question, "Is not the bridegroom, who will not allow the door to be opened to the poor tardy girls, a harsh representation of the Saviour of the world?" The answer is, "*Yes;* if you take the dot-for-dot representation."

The city bridegroom dared not open the doors. The Oriental street, unlighted, unpatrolled, had prowlers in it and even brigands. The state of things was like that touched on as then extant in our cathedral statutes four hundred and fifty years ago about these very walls. A great personage is there censured for suffering his servants to open the gates of the Close after nightfall, on account of the danger to which it exposes the persons and lives of the Canons and Vicars passing from their houses to the night offices of the Church.

The bridegroom had no knowledge of the voices outside the courtyard gate. All he knew was that they did not belong to persons who had placed themselves in the rank of

the well-lighted and armed procession. They might be the voices of decoys, or of the women of a horde of Bedouins only wanting to get the gates open for plunder. "But," you say, "the Lamb, the true Bridegroom, and pearly gates of heaven, will know no such perils. Why should they not fly back at His bidding for the reception of the now awakened lingerers about this world's precincts?"

Why not? This is a question we must try to answer presently. But, for the moment, let us observe that the answer can only be found by looking for it. It does not lie within the actual scenery of the parable. It is not to be found as you get the sense of a child's hieroglyphic, combining into words and sentences the mere names of figures which are presented to you, and so reaching a meaning without meaning it. The more you go below the surface on this plan, the less satisfaction you will find. Here, for instance, if you think that it is not the outward act of the Bridegroom, but his motive, that you must ascertain, you find the human motive to be, if not arbitrariness, then alarm, and so an interpreter who pursues this method where it is edifying, is compelled to drop it just where we most want his help.

Much more edifying (*i.e.* much better building) shall we find it, if we will use our human wit, however imperfect and imperfectly, to think what disqualifying, what debarring, what excluding power there is that makes durable, everlasting, eternal life impossible to spirits that have in them no element of waiting, expecting, watching, persevering, than if we construct the most elaborate grammar of symbols. The life-lesson which Christ said He meant to teach was *watchfulness;* the misery which the want of watchfulness entailed was *exclusion.*

When I was a child I used to see on the Prayer-book

and Bible markers of pious friends, "Watch and pray," or "Vigilate et orate." I used to wonder why, thinking it must be for some better reason than because it was a word of Christ's, which it was easy to work or illuminate. "Pray," I understood: what did they "*watch*"? or *how*? "Vigilate et orate" was at the ends of good books; it was over the church door, or near the chancel arch. The congregation prayed certainly: how did they *watch*? Why, again, did friends who were idle and late in a morning have "Vigilate et orate" framed by their bedside? What was this *watching*, everywhere recommended, but answering to no idea that I could apprehend?

As I grew older I saw that besides the neglected lessons of *vigilate*, which were many, there was *a* lesson which found a more or less thin and shadowy reflection in many good, sweet lives. In a sort of unconscious way there was a watching and a waiting spirit which traced patient lines and lit distant lights on faces not otherwise noticeable. Not those who had known loss and sorrow only; some who seemed to have known neither were certainly watching for something. They did surely expect an event which yet they were prepared not to see while they lived. Yet had this none of the effects of hope deferred. Depressed people had less of it in their religion than the cheerful; and with the total absence of it was allied (whatever the temperament of the subject) an inconsiderateness, a hardness, and a practical materialism. In fact, with the remission of watchfulness, a great deal of religion and its beauty departed; and with the deepening of this expectancy, with its clearness, almost with its definiteness, the power, the moulding power, the sustaining power, of religion came out in proportion. It is not only to what has been, not only even to

what is; it is to that which *shall* certainly *be*, that the Christian's mind is *essentially alive*.

The infringement of this expectation is very possible and very hurtful. Let us try to realise this.

The answer of the soul to *vigilate* is, "We will watch. We watch for *Thee*." It is the soul's expectation of One whom she desires to see. So watched the virgins. But that expectation becomes modified, first by uncertainty as to the time *when*. This is a real trial. All the virgins nodded; all slept at last. But the very sleep of expectancy is different from the sleep of abandonment. The nurse by the sick-cot, the sailor's wife over the embers, sleep; "but their heart wakes." A changed breathing of the baby, a step on the shingle, shivers through the nerves, and they are awake. But even the most faithful may lose anxiousness at last, as the uncertainty of "how long to wait" assures them of space to repose. The very Lord Himself was moved that Peter and James, that John whom He loved, were unable to watch with Him one hour; they had no definite realisation of how the hour was to end, plainly as He had spoken. "We could have made our arrangements, had we known when you were to come," some of the virgins might have pleaded. Yes! You might have been quietly immersed and absorbed in the sleep of the whole world, as if there were no Coming to come.

The second modifying of expectancy (when uncertainty as to the time has been too great a trial for wilfulness) is naturally an uncertainty as to whether He is really to be expected. He said He would *come*, to be sure. But perhaps He has prepared some other kind of treat for us, to be enjoyed without Him. His *coming*, perhaps, means some advancement of our condition.

The third step backward is soon taken after that. Perhaps there is no Bridegroom really. We never saw Him. Are we sure the message has come rightly through so many messengers? Perhaps the notion of a Bridegroom has been taken up, by the way, and worked into the original message of an announcement, or of a prospect, of good times to come. Perhaps this about the Bridegroom is a fiction, a fine old Oriental way of stating hopes and duties and modes of discipline.

And the last step is a perfect confidence in this hypothesis. How gross, how material even, to have looked for a real footfall, a real cry at midnight, a real Man in the clouds! Let us be spiritual, good brothers and sisters; we may sleep sound if we are but spiritual enough!

In some stage or other of such declinings and decays we shall probably be by this time, if we have missed the point of the Advent doctrine. If you have said, "I will not keep my mind on that which may never be in my time; I cannot live as though Christ might come to-day or to-morrow, when I feel morally sure that He will not;"—if so, you will have entirely missed that point. Positive uncertainty has for you become negative certainty. But they are not the same thing. The one exercises the most delicate influence on the mind, uncertainty, namely, touched with hope of a great future near to its revealing. The other, an assurance that all things will continue as they were from the beginning of the creation beds you in this earth as firm as a fossil in a crag.

But it is common enough for a poor vapid soul to confront Christianity with, as it were, a claim of right; to demand either an experienced certainty, a demonstrative proof, such as no one in his senses looks for in any other

history or any other philosophy; or else to demand, "If the spiritual side is real, to be taken hold of, possessed and dominated by a mighty enthusiasm, give me certainty from without or certainty from within. Convince my reason or overpower my spirit. Give me certainty, and I believe."

We can only say that that kind of certainty would not be what we call belief. Our belief does, indeed, find no contradiction to itself. The history, the literature, of our faith are unrivalled. Our souls are satisfied by strengths which we feel. Our experimental religion is as pronounced in its results as experimental science. Our witnesses to our facts, historical and spiritual, are witnesses to the death. Still, those are not our reasons for believing. They are reasons which more than meet your objections. But our faith is something which you can only obtain by believing. You can have no certainty but ours. We cannot help it. You will find that you have in you somewhere some such degrees of faith. Use those, dwell on them, pray for their expansion. Perseverance from such beginnings is what we began with ourselves. We can tell you no other way.

But do you imagine that if a great passion of Christianity, a great enthusiasm of faith, a magnificent revelation of the Spirit, were suddenly shed into you, it would in a moment overcome poor habits, petty sins, pitiful, base, self-excusing and indulging of weakness? I am quite ready to grant that, if it *would*, you would have a perfect right to ask for and claim it; I think God would give it before you asked. But it would do no such thing. Great passions make great natures magnificent when they take hold of them. Paul was in a moment changed into the teacher of nations. But he was a great nature, and he had never

sapped a great nature by littleness. What conscience said, that he was used to do. The whirlwind of the Spirit which seized him seized a chariot of fire and horses of fire. But the spirit which will not watch; which will not expect; which refuses uncertainty; which faces the eternities, and asks to have them cast up like a column in a day-book, and proved to it like a police-case,—no passion would make that soul large. The physical make of the human brain does not allow weakness to become wisdom in a moment. What it does allow is conversion of great powers to a new object. What it does allow is slow growth of little powers to great ones under favourable circumstances.

Grand empty vases may be filled with the water of heaven, but the conceited soul is full already of self, and can hold nothing else.

II. Pass on to the very moment. Certainty comes. *He* is here. It *is* the Bridegroom after all! There *is* a great certainty before their eyes. Do you think that they flash into power, and flash into durable energy in an instant under that certainty? What! The souls that would not exercise their faith, that would not fix their faith, that would not embrace the hope, suddenly able to apprehend the object of faith, suddenly to feel as if they *had* waited for Him—to rejoice in Him, to say, "This is our God; we have waited for Him"! The falsehood dies on their lips. They cannot say, "He will save us." Will the virgins in the parable exclaim shudderingly, "Our lamps are going out"? Yes; here He is! and we are in the dark next moment. Who shall help us? It is midnight now; the shops are closed as well as the palace. "Give us of *your* oil." "Alas! it is just what we cannot do. We could give you flame; we could

give you light; but, alas! you have nothing to enkindle. Oil can but be got as we got ours, by trouble and by cost." It is the persevering spirit of expectancy. It is not even a *gift* of God. It is the *employment* of His gifts. You can only go and buy.

So lastly, dear people, we see that this again is a parable of Tone, a parable about Christian spirit, like the parable of the Labourers. It teaches that Christ not only will look for work done, He will no less scrutinise the tone of the doer. There is, as we said before, a true tone, a spiritual tone, which watching, waking, waiting, expecting, hoping, cultivate, almost produce; which nothing else can create. It is the character destitute of this patience, vigilance, steadiness, perseverance, and hope which excludes itself. We can see for ourselves what sweet and quiet spirits come even out of mere waiting—waiting with scarcely any object, nothing but simply waiting without murmuring. Even this has its peace beyond the world's disturbance. How reads the great master of nature?

"To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man can live.
When this is known, then to divide the time—
So many hours must I tend my flock,
So many hours must I take my rest,
So many hours must I contemplate,
So many hours must I sport myself.

"So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this! How sweet! how lovely!"

Even mere waiting, like the discrowned king's, is not barren or unfruitful. But take you the sister of charity, who waits day and night to be gracious to suffering; take you the invalid of years, who waits upon the Lord till the end comes, desired, yet never asked for; take you the man or the woman who wait for each other in sweetness and in honour until the means of maintenance are won; take the man or the woman who part in still nobler love, because the will of man or the will of God is against their union; take you the half-civilised sentinel who stands at attention when the field is strewn with dead and the shells rain over him, because he has received no orders to fall back; and you will know whether watching, whether expectancy, whether looking with patience to that which is not yet, has chief part or no in bringing out of man the noblest music of his soul.

And then for any and for all those objects of earth and time which are sufficient, even they, to bring out those tones, substitute the One Ideal who will never disappoint, whose Name and whose acts are already our well of life, and whose own self is waiting for us, to be ours for ever and ever. Think that it is He who bids you wait for Him so short a time, and you will understand His "Vigilate et orate."

CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION AN ALL IN ALL.

CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION AN ALL IN ALL.

A TESTIMONY—A CONQUEST OF WILL—THE LAST SACRIFICE—THE HOPE OF DEATH.

Lincoln Cathedral, Good Friday, 1875.

"I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."—1 Cor. ii. 2.

A MAGNIFICENT resolution, since Jesus Christ was what He was. A groundless resolution, if He had been anything else. A wilful resolution, if the crucifixion of Jesus Christ had been only a fragment of God's loving education of mankind. A foolish resolution, as the Corinthian Greeks pronounced it, if it had been, as they thought, simply a cruel injustice inflicted on a youthful sage. But a magnificent resolution if that Crucifixion was an all in all.

If it summed up these facts—

1. That there was nothing which God would not do for man.

2. That there was no height of goodness to which man could not attain with this cross in his heart.

3. That all human life in all ages henceforth would have some virtue from that cross transfused into it. That all the past generations were, in the unseen world, bathed in that

same virtue. That when all ages ended, the eternal life would be owned as the outcome of that crucifixion:

Then we know why St. Paul, coming into the very midst of the trade, the luxury, the energy of Europe in this brilliant little capital of Corinth, said, "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

You can see this was not a warm figure of speech, but a calm daylight principle, if you just note the lights in which he has already placed the Crucifixion in the first chapter of this letter.

In ver. 13 he says to Christians who thought sects in Christianity natural things, and perhaps useful, "Was Paul crucified for you?" meaning, "Neither Paul nor any understanding follower of Christ can possibly consent to be the head of a sect, or have a denomination called after him. This crucifix must put down every schism. This event makes religion real, but only one religion."

In ver. 17 he says, "Christ did not send me, an apostle, to baptize, but to evangelize; not in wisdom of argument, that the cross of Christ may not be emptied." Baptism past, conviction gained, I have no philosophic system to be argued and argued; the fulness of religion is the cross in the soul.

In ver. 23 he says, "We go on preaching Christ crucified, to Jews a stumbling-stone, to Greeks a folly, but to the called themselves, Jews and Greeks alike, Christ—God's Power and God's Wisdom." Christ by Himself is Christ the best of teachers; but Christ crucified is the Power by which His Father works, and the Wisdom which His Father teaches. The "Power" of God in the eternal world of souls and spirits—what gravitation is in the physical universe.

The "Wisdom" of God — the final, all-comprehensive philosophy.

I. But now we will go back. We will endeavour to build up this truth from the beginning. We will take it up just as and where the Greeks first saw it. It looked to them like the shocking martyrdom of a grand young moralist—an irremediable injustice—about which there was no more to be said. We will see how that notion of it is quite inconsistent with the facts. If we assume that we know *what* He taught (and if we do not know that we cannot even pronounce Him a wise teacher), we shall see that we must open our reasonable eyes to the fact that we cannot possibly stop there—that there is no halting-place short of that full truth which is the fulness of blessedness for us.

Supposing, then, that we try to remember Him first only as a teacher of perfectly stainless character and spotless purity, and treated so terribly by the professors of revealed religion. Well. His having been so treated was sufficient to prejudice every one against Him who belonged to that religion; His having been so treated was in their eyes a proof that He was a God-forsaken man.

We ask what deeds had been done by those nail-pierced hands. We learn that they had been pressed lovingly on the heads of village children, had grasped the hands of fever, had laid themselves against the leper's skin, that crowds of poor men had ever welcomed and attended Him; all this we do not question. Then we look back through our eighteen centuries, and we see that before the age of three and thirty He had fashioned sayings, had compacted thoughts, had expressed principles about duty, about the relative worth of things, about life, about love, about intercourse with God.

about the formation of character, the relations of classes, the spirit of law, the essence of government, the unity of man, which had not existed, or which were not formulated when He opened His lips, but which have been and are the basis of society from the time they were known till now. We see that there was in His sayings a power which certain bright persons even then foresaw as likely to revolutionise the world in the very way in which it has acted, and is acting.

To all this we have to add His extraordinary and ceaseless effect upon individuals. Millions of persons have lived and died in perfect restful certainty that they were more closely bound up in Him than they were with their parents or their children, and they have guided their actions with the sole intention of pleasing Him, and acting as they judged that He would wish them.

Now look at it all as critically and as attentively as possibly you can. Next ask yourself whether a stainless, loving, sincere, penetrating person like that makes and enlarges on unfounded declarations as to matters of fact. Is it consistent with such a character? You can tell what is or is not so.

Ask yourself again whether the history both of the world and of the individuals who compose it has or has not been what He said it would be. Has it or not been affected by Him in the way that He foretold? If it has, were His words *true?* in both senses? Truthful and true?

Again, if you should think of Him as a true and truthful man, but only a man, you must remember that there was one other topic of His teaching which we did not include in our list of His subjects just now—a topic on which He dwelt with as much energy, force, clearness, and incisiveness

as on any other. He often spoke of His own Person—His own Being and Nature and its (characteristic) powers. What explanation can you offer of His having spoken as He did of the immense importance of His own Person to the world's life and interests? I do not mean that He pointed out that His moral teaching, His doctrine of self-sacrifice, His doctrine of love, would have such an effect; but He said again and again, "My flesh, My blood," are of vital power, vital influence, for the future welfare of mankind. His own personal existence on earth, and the conclusion of it on earth—these were topics on which we are told He laid very great stress at several most solemn times. Thus, "The bread which I give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." Again, speaking of His own death, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto Me." Again, "I came to give My life a ransom for many." "None taketh My life from Me; I lay it down of Myself." "The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of man; and they that hear shall live." And, speaking to God Himself, "Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him." Such is His teaching about Himself, His Person; not merely His effect on men's minds, but the value and influence of His death and life as a power in the universe.

If for a moment it should suggest itself that perhaps others had said those things for Him—attributed to Him sayings which He did not utter—then the difficulty and the astonishment must be multiplied greatly by finding that others were able still better than Himself to predict the effects of teaching mis-attributed to Him, to produce fresh teaching more striking than His own, and create

doctrines more effective than His own; for there is no question that it is these doctrines about His life, His death, His resurrection, which have carried the moral teaching of Christ on their mighty wings, and not His moral teaching which has recommended the rest. Men have repented because they believed in Christ crucified, and led new lives because they believed in His resurrection. They have not believed the crucifixion and the resurrection because they reform their conduct.

Christ and His followers have taught truth-speaking without compromise as the first of duties—truth-speaking without regard to the good consequences which might be aimed at by beneficent falsehood; and they have taught that it is not indifferent what a man believes—that he must seek to know and believe the Truth. Truth of word and truth of thought is the short statement of their impress on the human mind. And they, His bosom friends, whether they wrote it down themselves, or whether they gave it to others to write, have told us that He, the passionate Lover of truth, when most solemnly explaining to the circle His mission, told them He knew what He was saying when He said there was a spiritual food for the human spirit, as external to it, as substantial, as sustaining to it, as earthly food to earthly fibre. "And the bread which I will give is My flesh—this living self, this humanity you behold; I will give this for the life of the world." This is what One who was Truth itself announced as truth known to Himself, quite certain to His mind, and to be acted upon by Himself accordingly.

But besides, this is what the experience of multitudes of thoughtful, inquiring, and most assured spirits has found true. They embarked their all at His word; they

found themselves in a correspondence with Him, and Him in a proximity to themselves which surpassed every anticipation. Their uniform, unwavering testimony on that solitary matter is independent of any opinions they might have formed for themselves upon any other point, independent of any school and any theology. The world's biography is simply full of persons who have said, "I know the living Christ by my own experience."

So, then, we have reached this point. We are at this day outwardly and historically in a certain position towards Jesus Christ; an objective relation, which we can neither deny nor avoid. A history we cannot obliterate, a state of things all about us which we cannot gainsay, environs us with the influences set moving by Jesus Christ and by Him crucified. Our laws, our customs, our literature, our art, our language, our feelings, and the tone of every one we have to do with, are pervaded with this element of the influence of Jesus Christ and of Him crucified. It is the strong element, the purifying element in all those things.

But what is all this great outer fact to us, compared with the certainty which He gave and which all Christian souls bear witness to, that we may have to Him a relation not outer but inner? What is it to see what He has done in the world, compared with our feeling him working in our heart? Not changing only the aspect of outer things, as conquests, or laws, or migrations may change them, but speaking in our very inmost selves with a still small voice that is all love, and power, and wisdom, and peace, and ever that still voice is from the cross. From the cross comes the last interpretation of all He spake in city or in field. From the cross come the words that break down

rebellion. From the cross we each of us hear Him talking about the world ; talking about us—ourselves.

"Father, forgive him," we hear Him say about us ; "for he has not known what he has been doing." Again "I thirst"—I thirst for their souls.

No man can doubt what He thirsted for. Any other thirst would have been conquered. No other anguish was complained of. There was but one draught which could slake the thirst He felt. One fruit alone could cool that fever. It was that one thing He lacked, that refreshment which His soul ever desired,—the eternal holiness of all mankind. So far away from His parched lips! So unutterably and before all things else yearned after! "I thirst"—for the everlasting salvation of every man.

God gave it Him so far as God could give it. He gave Him all power in heaven and earth. But to us also He had given a free will. Given it to each, and none but ourselves can give ourselves to Him. The Father will not take our free will from us and give us against our will to Christ. But Christ knew the Father would withhold nothing from Him. He thirsted that we might be like the Father, and give Him what we could—our own souls to save, our own lives to bless.

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Why? Our hearts fill up the silence that follows that question. Why? Because this one man's sin and doom is able to darken the air betwixt loving Father and loving Son.

Oh! if we can have this inner closeness to Him—if we can, if it can be—does not every sound sense, every good feeling, every true motive, cry out within us that it ought to be? Does not everything hopeful, generous, and strong within us answer, "Ay! and it shall be"?

II. But, ah! how long it is since first we began to think so! How often have we said so to ourselves, how often have we felt, "Yes, in Jesus Christ *is* the true, the only peace"? How we have envied those who are certainly founded and built in Him; envied even those whose want of natural wisdom may invest, perhaps, even their religion itself with something of their own grotesqueness of narrowness or hardness and may show itself, perhaps, the more because the contrast is great between hopes so grand and natural powers so small. But when we have seen what the cross can do in satisfying aching hearts, and cleansing dark hearts, and stilling wild hearts; in fashioning great lives, first bending then strengthening strong wills, moulding and directing gentleness and energy, bringing powerful thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ, bracing to valour shrinkingness and softness, filling sweet natures with greatness and great natures with sweetness; then at last we have been penetrated with the word, "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." We have seen, we know that Sacrifice to be the Power of God and the Wisdom of God.

"But this," you say, "is not my difficulty. I know the fact. But the worst of it is that to me it is so little more than any other fact which I do not question. I have not taken it home, and I wish I could. How is it to become the power of God in me?"

Well now, first assure yourself that God is kind even to the poorest beginnings of trust in Him—He is only waiting to help you to trust Him more. And, secondly, expect Him to bless you.

You feel that you have said prayers in Christ's name, and mentioned His mediation, but you cannot honestly

say you have relied on Him enough to make a conscious alteration in your habits on account of Him, to incur any censure for His sake, to have given up your own will in order to do His will.

In fact, two wills are struggling in your mind, God's will and your own; and although you know you would not be happy in following your own, and although you know all real trouble would cease as soon as you had resolved to have only one will, and that will your Father's, yet you want some help as to how to come to that point.

How are you to go on to trusting Him more, so that you may come to rely on Him perfectly, and be united to Him in the way that promises happy eternities to poor men? Well, seeing that you have believed in Him in your measure, the way now is to get out of generalities as fast as you can—to come to Him with something definite.

I am sure you have somewhere some trouble or difficulty about which you have not been to Him. Even if it is no great anxiety, there is that behaviour, that quarrel, that letter, that question. I don't ask whether it is a small trouble or a great one. That makes no matter. But are you called on to act, and, look which way you will, cannot make up your mind just what to do? Do you feel that to do that which is most right will involve a difficulty you are not strong enough to face, while what is second best is tolerably easy? Or is perhaps your trouble one which seems to have followed on your doing what was right? Might you have avoided it if you had only listened to the advice of the worldly? Or are you so situated (God forbid! but it is possible) that when people speak of God's kindly love and providence, it seems to you as if the showers of His tenderness fell anywhere but on you? You do not like to

use unfelt words about Him, and honestly you do not feel that there is love in providence.

Now, if any of such cases is yours—I say it in sober seriousness, as one who has known what he speaks of —I say in the words of Christ to those who were far worse off, "Happy are you." Happy in the opportunity. It is possible to get a new view. It is still possible to rejoice and be glad. You may learn to be glad with a gladness which is beyond smiles and mirth—a still gladness, such as when one is alone looking at the sea rolling under the night and stars. You may learn to be glad in a deep knowledge that God the Father is, with a seemingly severe hand, pressing and trying you, that you may be true and steadfast; finding whether you will be faithful when it is hard to be faithful. The gladness may be unfelt now. It may be far off even. But now you have before you serious work. For now in this trouble is an opportunity for definitely trying to effect at one point a conformity of will to will, yours to His. Gulp down the rising fear. Do that right thing; it will turn out well. Do not regret that you did not take that low advice. Pertinaciously maintain the good step once taken. Through the blinding mist of difficulties do not sigh after other men's peace and comfort. Say in yourself, "This must be, I know, this is the best for me." Do not be disappointed with the eastern sky because the sun does not rise, though through the restless night you have been so many hours looking for Him. Do not turn to some other quarter, saying, "Perhaps he will rise elsewhere to-day." The east is the east, and the sun's own palace door; and right is God's will, however long you wait to see it.

This is the way to begin to have one will with God. Steadily look upon your own uneasiness, and bring well

before yourself what God's will is about that. You perhaps may not see it in other things so clearly, but you will see it there. Unhappiness has often the clearest glimpses of what the highest duty and true course of action would be, though most reluctant to undertake them. This is the time to arouse the will. Then at least it is not hindered by the over-pleasantness of life. It is there that you will make your beginning, and there that you will first find peace.

And when you determine that brief but that all-involving determination to do what is right, though it pains you, you will soon feel what it is to have heard of Christ crucified. There, as you stand, quietly determined at last that you will give up to God, in the matter of your uneasiness; as there in the dimness you press your forehead against the sharp edge and the rough wood of your own cross, you will find, if you never did before, that the strength is coming to you out of that cross which St. Paul preached in the worldly city—coming, not from the best of moral teachers, but from Christ crucified.

III. Are you one who has already taken that step? Did you perhaps some years ago take your uneasiness to Christ? and felt that His will did in a wonderful way pass into your soul and become your will in a very trying crisis? And did you nevertheless go no further? Are there portions of your life with which Christ has nothing to do? And are you thoroughly dissatisfied, therefore? Are you feeling what barren wastes of worldliness still lie in your soul unwatered by grace? It is quite possible. I have known many such anxious people. I have seen people who, I am quite certain, were humble, contrite, faithful Christians morning and night, as they knelt at their bedsides. People

who were not in the least hypocritical, yet who went downstairs after sincere and careful prayer, and then all day long let themselves be bowed with the pressure of circumstance—bitter-tongued husbands, acid wives, unsympathizing brothers and sisters; in business over-keen for small advantages; in talking of others a little malicious or thoroughly hard—who knew they were all this, and seemed not to know how to help it. Well, friends and fellow-disciples of the cross, that power which first tied you to God in your sorrow, or uneasiness, or conscientious difficulty, has abundant power in reserve. What for one part of life it has done, that it can do for all. You have only not drawn enough on it. Think how many great things Jesus had sacrificed, or ever He came to this cross.

He had sacrificed liberty. In Galilee He had had liberty and many lovers. He was welcome in the villages and on the lake. The common people heard Him gladly. He had told His friends that if ever He went again to Jerusalem it would cost Him His life. Yet He went. His work could not be otherwise completed. He went with the certainty that the authorities of His Church would expel Him from the count of God's people, and make Him over to the Romans with a request for His execution.

He had next sacrificed His friends. He knew that the shock would be too great for them; that they would shrink from avowing their faith in Him, and withdraw their adherence to Him before the gaze of the public. It could not be helped. They had been built up by Himself as much as was possible; the time would return when all would bear fruit, but for the present He must sacrifice His friends also.

He had sacrificed liberty and friends, and with them He had sacrificed what each of us has above all things a

right to—an unblemished reputation for an unblemished life. This He had thrown overboard again and again. When He would not keep unpopular doctrine in the background; when He applied to popular religion tests which it would not bear; when He exposed the cheaply bought reputation of the rich for charity, and showed that it was easier even for their avarice to restore in a costly way the tombs of the prophets than to attend to one word of the prophets' utterances about the poor, or about justice, or humility, or even sincerity; then He was laying Himself open to the charge of throwing away grand opportunities of conversion, the charge of seeking personal popularity at the expense of institutions, the charge of setting the poor against the rich, of carping at sacrifices made in honour of ancient worthies, as if such glories were of small account in His eyes. Nothing, then, that was beautiful or graceful, or most like Himself, was allowed to invest Him; He died with a character torn to shreds. And yet we have not touched on the worst imputations against Him.

Thus, then, beloved, the cross tells that we may go a long way before we have exhausted its power to accompany us in our troubles. The deeper in trouble we get, the more recognisable is its shadow upon us. And all that the Lord put Himself through, all this may be imitated in our lives.

If, then, we have taken some one sorrow or uneasiness to Him really, and have found it not impossible to conform our wills to His in what, perhaps, was the great trial of our lives, still it may be that we are cherishing our love of liberty, our complaisance to friends, or our regard for our own reputation, in some way that is inconsistent with the highest demands of duty. It may be that this is the secret of our separation from our God; and possibly we have had

suspicions of this truth, whether lately or long ago. See, then, again, how peace is to be found. That deified suffering which the Crucifixion makes known to us represents to us universal facts of human life. Suffer we must; it springs in our path; others inflict it on us; we inflict it on ourselves; we did yesterday, last week, last year, years ago, that which is rising up against us to-day. Suffer we must. The only question is whether we will suffer *divinely*. Will we suffer in a way that shall lower us, or in a way that shall infinitely and for ever raise us? Let us only *think*. We shall answer right.

IV. Lastly, there is one study, the deepest, hardest of all, which is equally and supremely necessary for every one to make some progress in before the application of it comes. It is the study how to die. We cannot think how ever it will be possible for us to go through that. We cannot think how many of the dead, whom we have known alive, went through it. It is a subject of strange and secret wonder how the past and how the future looked to some of them when they first said to themselves, "I am going to die." They said little or nothing to any one about what they felt. They felt it would not be well for us to know all. They felt that it was not possible for us to be with them there. Perhaps they said, "they sorrowed that they had in practice been so little of what they often thought of being to us." Perhaps they felt that it would have been better with themselves in that hour if we who had been many years at their side had not tried them beyond their power to bear. What we are to others, and others are to us, comes like the clearness of a written drama before us when we throw ourselves, even in imagination, into a dying man's position.

One thing we hope. We hope that when it comes we shall not be morally passive. We hope we shall not lie on our death-bed like logs on which the cutter's axe is falling. We hope we shall not be there feeling sicker and fainter and weaker day after day, seeing confidence fail from the eye, and slip from the touch of him who would heal us if it were possible, and in ourselves have no sympathy with the power which is drawing our lives beyond his and every grasp. We hope that we shall be able with strong will to resign each vital force as it ebbs away. We hope we shall with cheerful spirit leave those we love to strengthen each other. We hope we shall love them then, and not feel coldly towards them. We hope that when we thirst for something we have not, it will be a thirst for something that it is good and holy for us to receive. Finally, that when we are on the point of passing, we may be courageous enough to make that passing our own act of self-surrender, and to throw our soul forward, as it were, with a bound into the hand of the Awful One who was the Author of it, and must now be its Eternal Judge.

Yes; this is the one hope we cherish, that we may not die reluctant, as if under doom, but with life's onward action and life's hopefulness still present in us; looking tenderly back, but looking calmly, earnestly, before us.

If that is our hope—a hope the denial of which would turn our hearts to stone—on what can it rest? It is assured to us so soon as Christ crucified is assured to us. And will you tell me whether you can conceive any other form of hope in death? This world, this life, is altogether so utterly destitute of information. The Old Testament itself which knew not Christ is so destitute of confidence, that if it were only in this point of view that Paul deter-

mined not to know anything but Christ crucified, I must bless him for it. For Christ knew all, and He died forgiving those who used Him worst; tenderly caring for the future of those He left; thirsting for what His Father was ready to give; darkened for a moment by the mystery of sin clouding out heaven and earth; and with a cry that betrayed the intenseness of the effort, sending His human soul with a bound into the unseen world; forwarding the act of dying with His whole resolute will.

We must cease now. Our effort to feel what Paul meant by "Christ crucified" comes to an end by lapse of moments. By this hour, this Friday night, Jesus had been some hours in the darkness and silence of the tomb. The last loving heart had gone away. He lay there conquered and shamed by the wicked, wondered at by the many, despised at last as a broken greatness; but by watching angels at foot and head adored as a Power and Wisdom now at last manifested, now about to be recognised, now about to take the highest place in the whole universe. Now, for the first time, by all the undying eyes of heaven, there was seen, "in the midst of the throne of God, a Lamb as it had been slain." We see Him too. The eyes of faith can never see aught else. And the ascending heart of man finds that in that sight lies for it all sympathy and all majesty—all that can purify, all that can crown. Absolute truth, oneness with the will of God, perfect sacrifice, death with glory. "All things, then, are mine," says the heart of man, "and I am Christ's, and Christ is God's." "I will know nothing henceforth but Christ, and Him I will know crucified."

GOD'S PEACE.

GOD'S PEACE.

Canterbury Cathedral, June 8, 1884.

"The peace of God . . . shall keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus."—PHIL. iv. 7.

THE passage in which our text is read breathes the very spirit, is steeped in the tone, sentiment, and feeling of Christians; that is of men who, having long known and believed in Christ, look forward to coming before long into closest relations with Him. It describes the very temper of mind in which we should all wish our Lord to find us at His coming.

Joy; moderation; an instinctive feeling that He is near; no anxieties; prayerfulness; thankfulness; and God's own peace;—what a perfect description of a happy mind! "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say unto you, Rejoice. Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus."

Now, notice first that he takes it for granted that in Christians there will *always be moderation.* "*Your* moderation," says he, not "*Have* moderation. Cultivate moderation. Be moderate." All he desires is that they should let *their*

moderation be universally known and understood. Other practices of virtue and fruits of grace are, we are told, to be kept quite in the background. Men are to give alms, but no one is to know it. Men are to fast, says our Lord, but to take precautions against its being visible. They are to pray much, but they are to pray secretly. But now, speaking of what we should certainly classify as one of the retired virtues—unobtrusive, quiet moderation—St. Paul almost says we are to parade it, at least to take care that it is not latent in our acts and words, and confined to our inner spirits: "let it be known unto all men."

And as to the word "moderation." There is a well-known moderation for which people take credit to themselves in political and religious matters, a disguise for indifference, a cry which rallies many who have something to lose and are not willing to make sacrifices; but it is not this moderation which St. Paul means. The original word describes a kind of "gentle fairness," an anti-self-seeking gentleness, to be exhibited, not to cool zeal in great causes or on the side of persecuted truth; but, which is far more difficult, to be brought into play with regard to all causes; all persons that ask a hearing; all whose interests are against your own; all out of whom you get service, help, convenience; all who are in any way in your power; all whose paths cross yours in any direction.

I. There are those who in public matters—city affairs, parish business, Church affairs—think it right to take an extreme part, believing that there are so many opponents and so much unreasonableness, that the only way to get what they think right carried is to demand and press for "a little more" than they really want or wish to see done.

Now, this is altogether one of the spirits which St. Paul

here condemns. This is not the "gentle fairness" which is to be known to all men as the characteristic of the followers of Jesus. This is the conduct by which Christians make—if I may venture on such an expression—the ship of the Church *roll*, and wonderfully increase the difficulties she has in battling with wind and wave, and disconcert the skill of her officers, and destroy her obedience to the helm. This violent demanding of more than they need, this maintaining an extreme line in order to get half conceded, provokes similar counteraction—and however it may for a moment carry a measure—it is not in the end more successful than it is right. It is not "gentle fairness."

II. Again, in private life many religious people—and especially some of those high-minded people of righteousness, in whom hereditarily or traditionally remains among us, with many a misconception nevertheless, some strain of the old rough-hewn stern religion of the Puritans,—these strong-minded, often just men are lacking in this "gentle fairness," which, with whatever shortcomings, has been more the ideal of those who have been in Church matters their opponents.

Perhaps, on the whole, this sternness in truly religious minds is rather characteristic of our English forms of goodness. But I know no one example so marked and noble and yet so defective as that of a great philosopher—a foreigner and a most devout Roman Catholic, no less a man than the great Pascal. His sternness and almost coldness of manner and hardness of expression in his family had caused distress to the most loving sister and friends with whom he lived; all the time that he was doing the most self-denying, self-devoted acts of visible love to every one. At last they ventured to ask him a word about it, and his

answer was that in his life he desired to serve both his Lord and those whom his Lord loved and whom he loved too, but that he felt he had no right to make himself engaging to his nearest friends, but rather to check and forfeit any such feeling towards himself, as might withdraw a single affection of theirs or thought of love from Him who ought to be dearer to them than any friend or brother.

Now, what was wrong there? It was a noble idea, but it needed the correction of St. Paul's "gentle fairness." Few perhaps are enough in earnest to put that feeling of Pascal's into positive action, and debar the sharing of love to ourselves for such a great, high reason. Yet how many of us do consciously and constantly bear in mind that we are to do all we can to bear with us heavenward as many brethren and friends as we may? and that this is best done by treading the heavenward paths together in sweet companies, in mutually encouraging societies; using towards each other all day long, in words, in deeds, in looks, this delicate fairness and this dear gentleness? so that once more, if it may be, this becoming known unto all men, there may be taken up again the long-silenced word, "See how these Christians love!"

III. Well, then St. Paul goes on to speak of an instinctive sense of Christ's possible coming at any time, His nearness; for He is always near, "The Lord is at hand," not further off now than when St. Paul wrote. Next he speaks of our throwing off anxieties as much as possible, and chiefly by the common constant use of prayers and thanksgivings, which make us feel not only that Christ is near to us, but that we are near to God His Father: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication . . . let your requests be made known unto God."

And then he goes on to the familiar, sacred sound of the Benediction, "*And*"—as a result of your trying to live in this spirit—"the peace of God shall . . . keep your hearts and minds," or, and as we may more literally render it, "your ideas."

Let us put away for a moment the spell of the sound, and arrive exactly at the meaning. "*Keep your hearts.*" The word "keep" is a military word—φρουρήσει. Φρουρά is "a Watch-tower," "a Garrison;" so that to those who first read his letter, St. Paul's words would have come home in this shape: "The peace of God shall garrison your hearts and your ideas." All your notions of life, all the thoughts of the day, as well as all your affections, shall move about actively, or rest themselves, when they repose, under the protection or shadow of a citadel and garrison, and that citadel's name is "God's Peace."

Is not this a reversal—if we weigh it well—of large parts of the world's history? The almost universal theory has been, "The security for peace is a great army—fortresses—*matériel* of war." Never has the theory been more efficiently and consistently worked out than by some nations of this progressive age. They have said, "Garrisons shall be our peace." The thought of St. Paul, "Peace shall be your garrison," has been little attended to. Few would say, certainly not St. Paul, that we are not to meet the dangers which others' wilfulness and blind fury and determination to try a struggle creates for us; that we are not to defend the right; that we are not to rescue the innocent, or the threatened, or the gallantly imperilled, when the hour comes, at any cost, with the weapons and the hearts God gives. But these duties are only the evil necessities which violation of the divine theory of peace brings with it

upon all. It is only a further exemplification of how the human theory breaks down. The accumulation of material of war as a guarantee has more than once proved as reasonable as if the expectation of a serene day were based on the visible massing and suspension of storm-material and electric vapour in the atmosphere. Thunderclouds do not keep the peace of the sky. And earnestly and not hopelessly ought our people to pray for the coming of that day promised to the nations when they will learn war no more; but it shall be a universal doctrine that peace is the best garrison of the earth as well as of the heart.

Of the *heart* it is indeed the one true garrison. "It shall keep your heart" he says. Reflect what a heart is which is garrisoned, as too many hearts are, with everything but peace. Could we look into the castles of others' bosoms, over how many of them should we see that white banner float and wave with the breath of the Spirit? Should we not see many another troop in occupation there?—to say nothing of such spies and banditti as have effected lodgments for themselves in and about our hearts—glooms, despondencies, misgivings and mistrusts, wrong hopes, hopeless wishes, or again false mirth, stumbling heedlessness, fearful neglect. Think how many garrison their hearts of set purpose with anything but peace. What ideas you have of leading a rich, retired old age, to begin as early as possible, and to be made peaceful by the toil-accumulated money which, after that, you will watch swelling and accumulating still without toil! What ideas of getting good positions through the friends you are cultivating! What schemes of "managing" things your own way; of diverting to yourself or your children, more

or less skilfully, money and means that are going another way; plans, too, alas! of doing good a little in order that yourself may get good a great deal!

Such as these are the ideas that garrison many a heart. And if we may suppose there are but few at this moment within these walls who set nothing before them but the world, still how few there are, even of sober, earnest spirits, who have let their faith carry them much beyond the wisdom of this world, and have embraced in any lively way the belief that the Peace of God is the one best Defender of the heart and the ideas!

But were I speaking singly to some that are here, they would gently and truly remonstrate with this harsh view, and say, "But at any rate, there are many who, like me, do look to something beyond this world, and yet are not altogether happy with the peace of God. I can say conscientiously that to obtain place or money, or even reputation, is not my all-engrossing thought. I do desire to please God now as I desire to dwell with Him hereafter; and yet I cannot say that I enjoy, with anything like conscious brightness, the peace of God." So you say, and it is profoundly true and sincere; and who would not sympathize? May I say, then, *why* I think you miss this peace? It is because you do not carry out what we may continue to express in St. Paul's words. A garrison, you know, is always on the spot. It does not now and then vanish away quite beyond the horizon; and, after an absence of days or hours, come back, colours flying, high music playing, and expect to march in to its old quarters. It knows well it would find them occupied. So it is with you. You have felt the peace of God. The true peace from time to time; perhaps not unfrequently formerly; but then you let it go

away while you attended to other things. Now, you need not have done so. The life and business of a great city goes on while the garrison is there. The streets hum and roar, travellers come and go, all the activity of its banks and its exchange proceeds without its being thought necessary to expel the garrison. But you, in your life, do *not* go on with your work, and retain superincumbent, brooding over it, a sense of God's presence, holiness, jealousy, love, purity, truth. But you might, if you would.

In other words, you divide your life into two parts. You want your work *here;* you want your religion *there*, laid by itself, folded together in a white and sacred napkin, a remembrance of the death of Christ, in a place by itself.

The grave has, indeed, its lessons of God's peace. And in this wonderful place we ought to be able to understand them well. On Trinity Sunday once, when it fell as this year on the eighth of June, died the Black Prince, the glory and stay of his nation, giving his soul (in his own words) to the Holy Blessed Trinity, and praying that his body might rest in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity then so called. And his sepulchre is with us to this day, the most impressive tomb in England. Yes; the grave has, indeed, its lessons of stillness, and silence, and separateness, and transitoriness, which many might silently meditate more often; and the lessons of the greatest and of the humblest grave are one. But Edward, as he died, so had he lived, to the Holy Trinity—as he himself said, "with a peculiar devotion"; warring, working, counselling, but ever carrying the aid of the infinite into that busiest and most responsible of lives. The grave has its lessons of Peace essential to true understanding and living, but the whole lesson of Christ is

not the lesson of the sepulchre, not the lesson of stillness and retirement. Our holy things are not to be laid aside and still in a pure tomb, however pure, in a garden ground, however fair. "He is not there; He is risen." He is gone forth of the shrine, forth from the beauty of nature, though He stays while He goes; but He has gone down into the street of the city; and if you cannot find Him among the sons of men, and in everyday work or talk, you will never find Him in the most perfect place of His Presence, either of this world or of the world to come.

Alas! to think how much men lose by doing the actions of life, the good, necessary actions of life, in a worldly spirit, when they might do those selfsame things in a religious spirit, and how they find turmoil and distress in that which might yield them the Peace of God!

Happy, thrice happy you, dear brethren, who have been this day made Priests and Deacons of Christ by the imposition of hands, if, by constantly reviving the influences of this day, ever awakening the first freshness of your first love, you so persevere as to do all the holy offices of the house of God, all holy offices for God's children, baptizing, espousing, feeding with the bread of heaven, laying the departed to rest, each as if he were to you a tender, God-committed care, not giving to one excited feeling, to another the chilliness of a saddened spirit, but to all fair gentleness and gentle equity!

But too easy will you find it, if you are not wary, to lay your hands carelessly some day on the altar's golden horn; to wear the ephod, to pile, to burn the incense; in a weary, heartless way; to do the holiest actions—I will not say in an unholy, but not in a holy spirit. And what then? First, perfunctoriness, then the approach at last of some touch

of that terrible state familiar to the monk and priest of the Middle Ages—the *accedia*, or apathy which existed in the cloister and the choir. But it is all avoidable if you from the first recognise what is needed—the moderate thought and tone, the instinct of Christ's nearness, inner prayer and practice, the garrison of peace; if you will "do all your things with charity," that is, stir up the sense of love in every act of love; and thus from the bright hard marble threshold of the temple find and elicit evermore "all your fresh springs."

Every one of us, whether we minister or are ministered unto, if we do not our appointed work in this temper, are we not foolish, even according to the sad measure of that poor unjust steward in the parable? He made himself friends out of the money he had to manage—friends to receive him into their homes when he failed. Can we not make ourselves, out of the not dishonest but honourable offices of life, out of sweet homes, out of noble callings, friends that when we fail (as we must do) may receive us? If the mist of riches hangs like a vapour in the air which some must see the world through; if the fragrance of many temptations to vanity clings about other callings, and about none more than the noblest and holiest,—you can dispel these illusions by placing yourself under the protection of the Peace of God.

St. Paul describes that Peace as "passing all understanding," more literally, in our own modern speech, "transcending all intellect," that is not only as infinitely more sublime, but as exceeding it in its effects. Intellect can do much that the Peace of God can do, but not nearly so much. St. Paul could not and would not deny that men can do much in this way by their original powers.

The most gorgeous of the Greek tragedies has a thrilling scene in which a god is represented standing in the form of man in presence of a tyrant. The tyrant threatens him with dishonour, with fetters, with a dungeon. But to every insulting line the veiled deity replies that none of these things move him. When he is asked the secret of his strength, he says at last, "Because God, if it be the will of God, will deliver me." "Where is this God?" asks the prince at last. And the answer comes, "This moment he stands close beside thee. Thou seest him not, only because thou art unholy." Surely that is a parable from which Christians may be glad to learn how great the steadfastness which even the natural man, trusting in God, may gain. But how manifold greater that which every one of us has in the present possession of the given Grace of God, if we will only rely on it, if we will only use it; seeing God if we are not unholy and impure; sure that He will deliver us if it be His will; and possessing His full Peace that comes from having no desire for anything that is not His will.

But it may well be asked, "And shall I have this Peace really and always?—seeing, as it would seem, that *Christ Himself* did not at all hours possess it. His exclamation that 'His soul was troubled,' His appeal to His Father to learn the cause of His being 'forsaken,' do they not witness that the Peace of God was not always His? and if not, then how, how can it be mine?"

Let any of you that is a father think what he would feel over the great sin of a son or of a daughter. I do not mean the horror at the thought of consequence, but the anguish over the sin itself. If you feel that keenly, more keenly than any other trouble, it is because your sympathy for them is almost perfect. But Christ's sympathy with

every one of us through the perfect clearness and pureness of His human nature, and the illumination of His divine nature *was* quite perfect; absolutely unimpaired by any defect either of lovingness or of the power of realisation. That you must remember was the secret of His trouble and of His darkness. Still I doubt not that we are to learn this from the thought of these facts in Him—that we too may have our dark hours guiltlessly and holily; may not be always, without intermission, *conscious* of the Peace of God. Still they are but intervals, these gloomy times; and we must bridge them over by the remembrance of the past, the hope of returning brightness, and act as we know we should do did we see as clearly as usual. For it is true that—

> "Deeds in hours of insight willed,
> In hours of gloom may be fulfilled."

We must notice that St. Paul does not speak of Peace as an unintermittent or immediate possession. He says it "*shall*" come. Do as He bids, in moderation, in trust and in devotion, "and the Peace of God *shall* garrison your hearts," he says even to his beloved Philippians, his almost perfect church.

Will anything else give it you? Did any one ever tell you he had found it in any other way? And is there anything else you would rather have than this which in itself sums all treasure and all pleasure?

Now, lastly, think where St. Paul was when he wrote these words as one that had found it and was enjoying it for his very own. For what truthfulness breaks from every syllable! He plainly is recommending men the way he had walked to the happiness which he had reached.

He was in prison, in the heathen capital of the world,

lost amid its millions, a captive in a camp, known to none but his jailors and a few ignoble people who got leave to see him. The soldiers fancied that they were his garrison who kept him full easily; that they had him safe. But how mistaken! The Peace of God was *his* garrison. There was no limit to his gladness. And his gladness has since that day been the comfort and the strength of them all that believe. May it be ours now and for ever!

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